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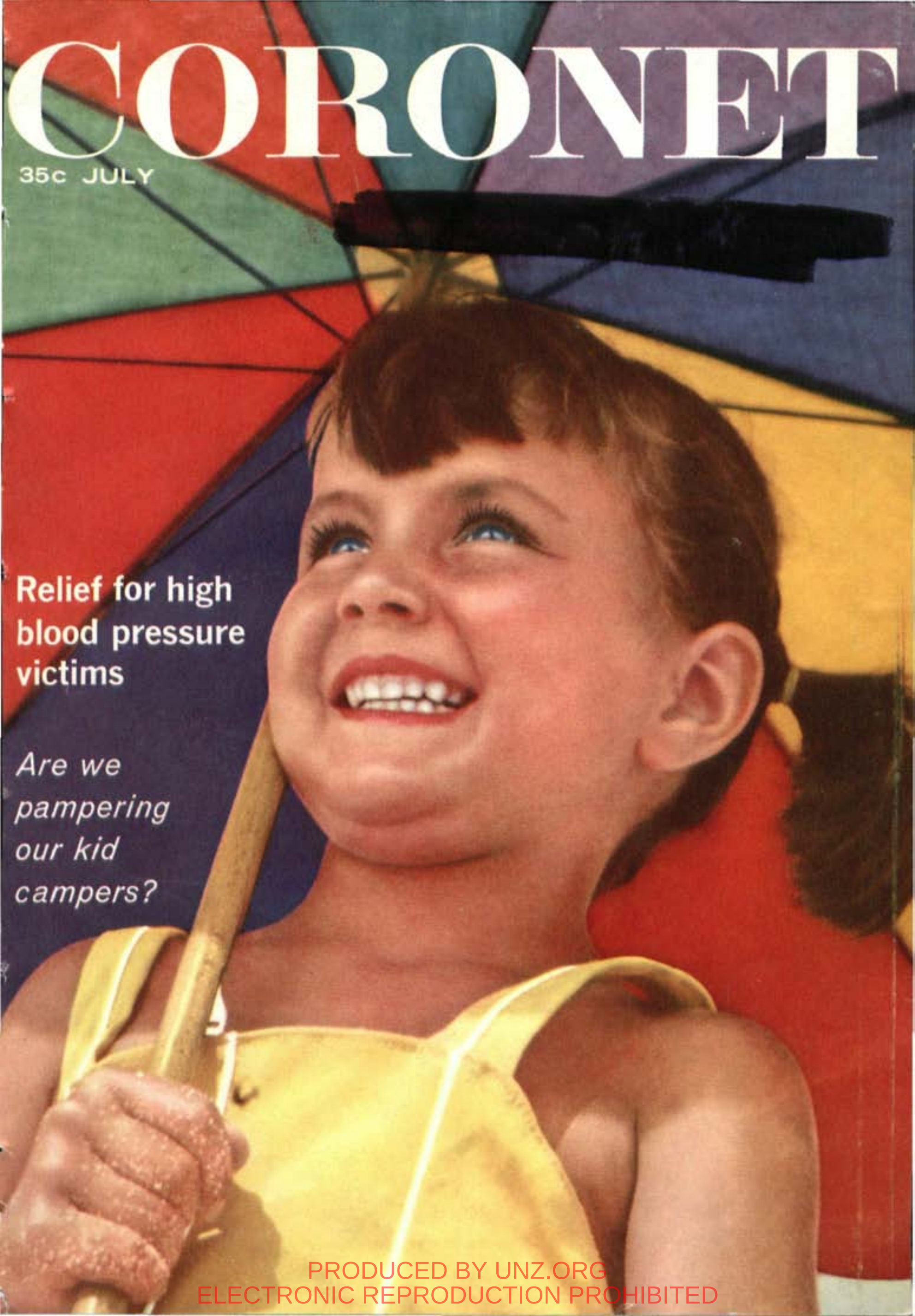

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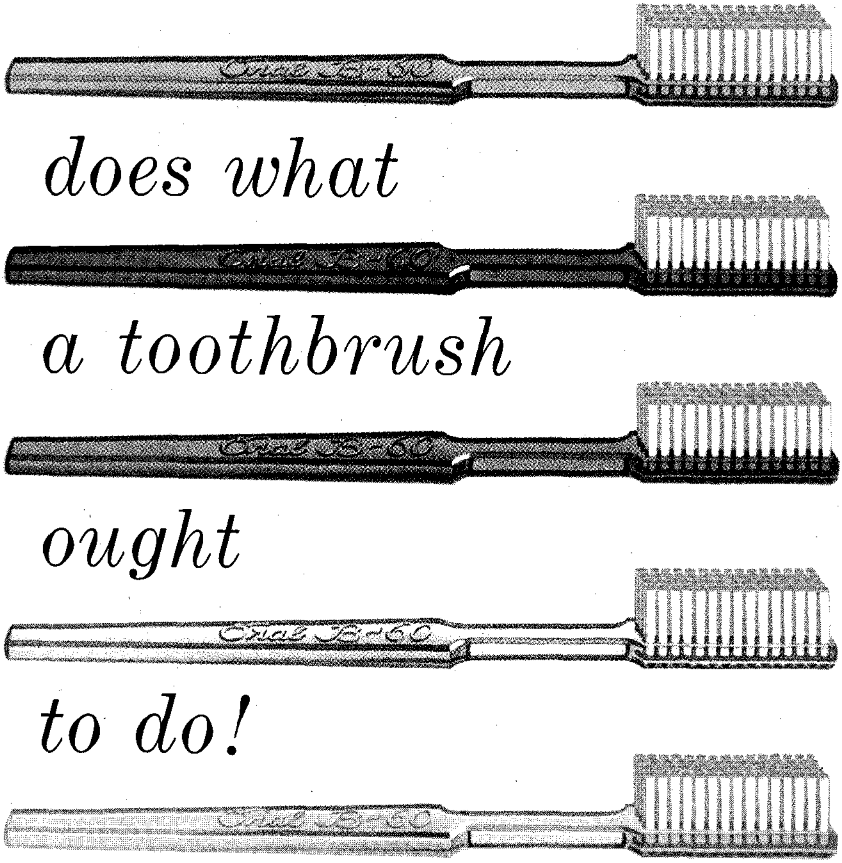
Are we pampering our kid campers?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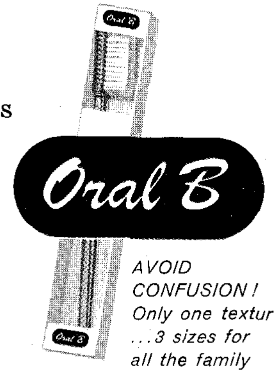
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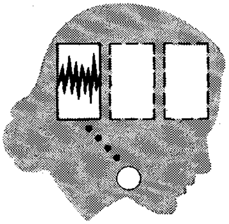

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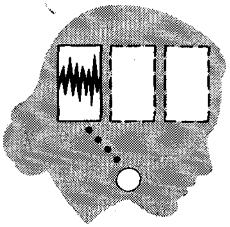

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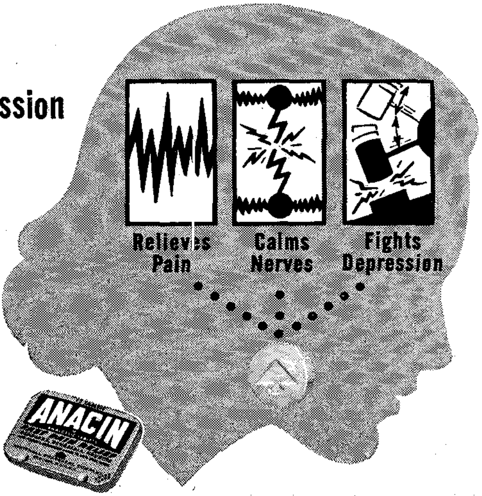

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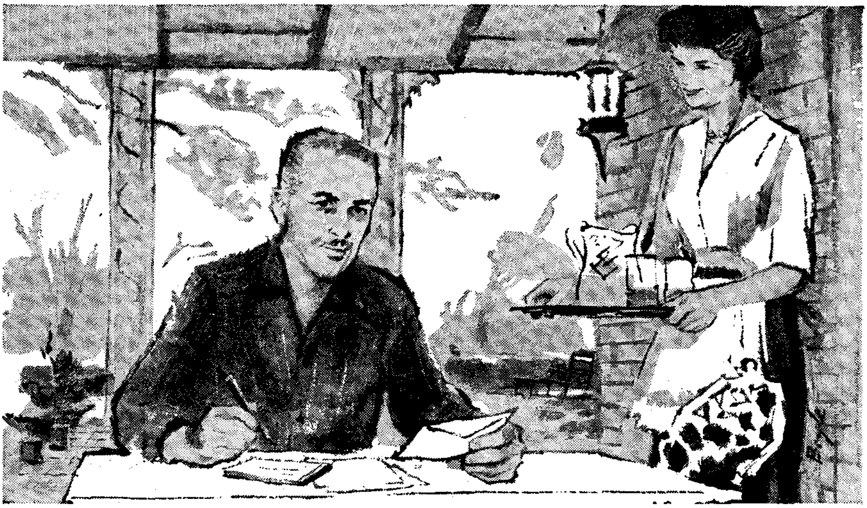

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Dear Reader:

R. P. Smith: Where has he been? What did he do?

ONE DAY Robert Paul Smith sat down and typed out two sentences: "The thing is," he wrote, "I don't know what kids do with themselves any more. They don't seem to do what I did when I was a kid." He went on from there to write his best-seller, " 'Where Did You Go?' 'Out.' 'What Did You Do?' 'Nothing.' " This was followed by "Translations From the English," "How To Do Nothing With Nobody All Alone By Yourself" and such humorously indignant articles as "Don't Pamper the Kid Camper" on page 55. His new fame as a "kid" writer has brought Smith a flood of invitations from parent groups to speak as an expert on child-raising. But he shuns such affairs, insisting that his own youngsters, Daniel Paul, 12, and Joseph Robert, 10, have taught him more than he has ever taught them. Born in Brooklyn in 1915, Smith got his first job as a script writer with the Columbia Broadcasting System after being graduated from Columbia University. His salary was $25 a week which, in 1936 when jobs for new college graduates were scarce, put Smith "in the stratum of the very rich, where I have never again been." After writing gags for a variety of name performers, and holding down several other jobs, he finally decided to take his wife, Elinor Goulding Smith, and a $500 advance to Mexico and write a novel, "So It Doesn't Whistle." Since "it didn't pay the rent," he went back to putting words in radio entertainers' mouths, while he wrote three more non-best-selling novels and a successful play, *The Tender Trap,* with Max Shulman. Wife Elinor, of whom Smith says "She was a painter when I married her, but she turned out to be sneaky and a writer," has written three humorous books about home life herself and illustrated "How To Do Nothing . . . All Alone By Yourself." She works in the basement of their 50-year-old, three-story home in a suburb of New York City, while Smith works on the top floor, where he muses over the surprise (to him) sale of " 'Where Did You Go? . . .' " (to date over 130,000). Says Smith, "I'm an overnight success that took 25 years to happen."

The Editors

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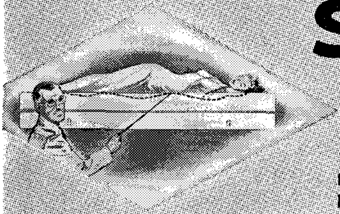

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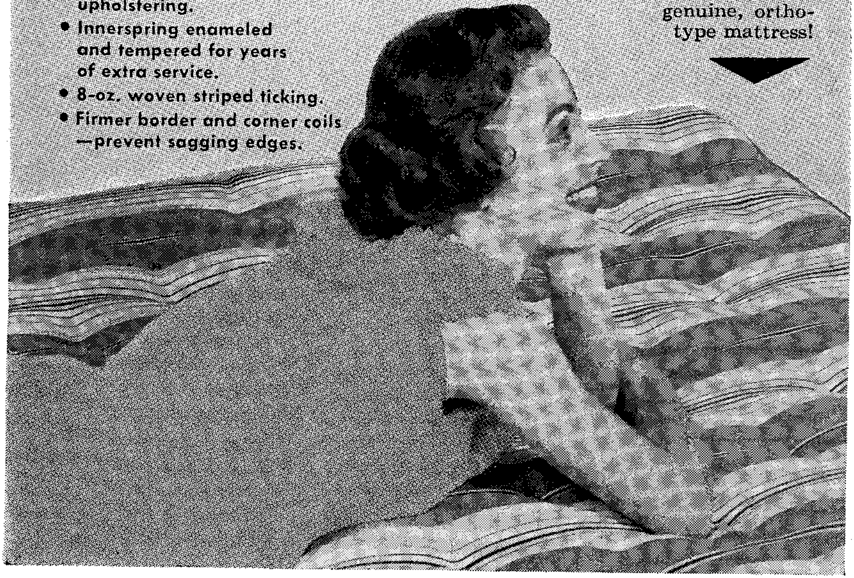

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ALL ABOUT

Suburban husbands: fresh air wafts new worries; heavy smokers: they're burning excess energy

UNSTEADY SMOKERS

If you are a chain smoker, you probably have a combustible personality, claims Dr. C. Wright Heath, of Tufts University. For according to his study of 252 people over a 15-year period, perpetual puffers usually have a yen to burn life's candle at both ends; they get a bang out of living dangerously, and generally lead somewhat more colorful lives than non-smokers. But this restless, independent streak makes them more prone to marital woes.

On the other hand, the non-smoker is less likely to be tempted to play with fire. Usually of milder temperament, he is not burdened with excess energy, and is happier at home. Thus chain-smoking is more than just a habit, Dr. Heath suggests. It is the smoke screen generated by your inward fires.

ROCKY ROAD TO THE SUBURBS

Husbands who go homesteading in the suburbs may merely be staking out a claim to irresponsibility, says Dr. Fred Brown, New York psychologist.

The urge for more breathing space is often an unconscious desire for a release from domestic demands. But it can undermine family security as tensions in the commuter's life are communicated to his household, Dr. Brown points out. The husband's long daily absence and emotional distance from home are intensified when he returns still preoccupied with business. His annoyed or detached reaction when his wife wails about Junior's shenanigans makes Junior feel his father is either indifferent or very easy-going. He misses his father's influence. And sometimes he rebels against his mother's contrasting omnipresence by being superaggressive—even to the point of becoming delinquent.

TROUBLE'S THEIR PRIVILEGE

Contrary to popular belief, children from so-called upper-class families are just as delinquent as underprivileged youngsters.

A new study of Midwestern and Western high school students by Drs. F. Ivan Nye, James F. Short, and Virgil J. Olson revealed that the privileged child and his less fortunate counterpart were equally guilty of defying parental authority and stealing items worth more than $50.

The lower-class boys were responsible for more sex offenses; the upper-class boys frequently destroyed property. Curiously, the privileged girls more often ran away from home. In all cases, when their father was not living with the family, the children tended to tangle with trouble.

The Opposite Sex and Your Perspiration

By Valda Sherman

Did you know there are two kinds of perspiration? "Physical," caused by work or exertion; and "nervous," stimulated by emotional excitement.

Doctors say that this "emotional perspiration" is the big offender in underarm stains and odor. It is caused by *special* glands that are bigger, more powerful, pour out more perspiration. And this *kind* of perspiration causes the most offensive odor.

Science has discovered that a deodorant needs a special ingredient *specifically* formulated to overcome this offensive "emotional perspiration" odor. And now it's here . . . the remarkable ingredient Perstop*—the most effective, yet the gentlest odor-stopping ingredient ever discovered—and available only in the new cream deodorant ARRID.

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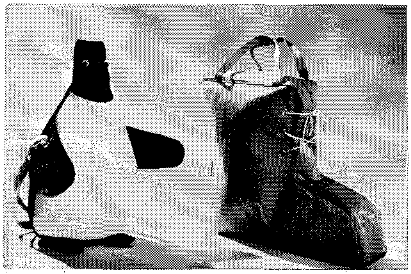
PRODUCTS ON PARADE edited by Florence Semon



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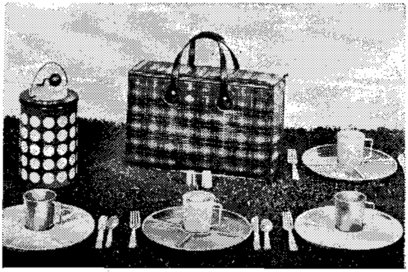

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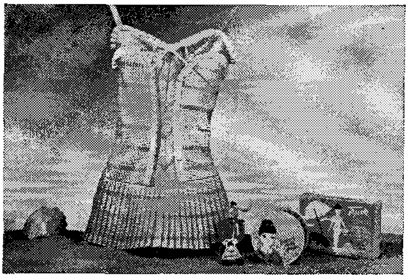

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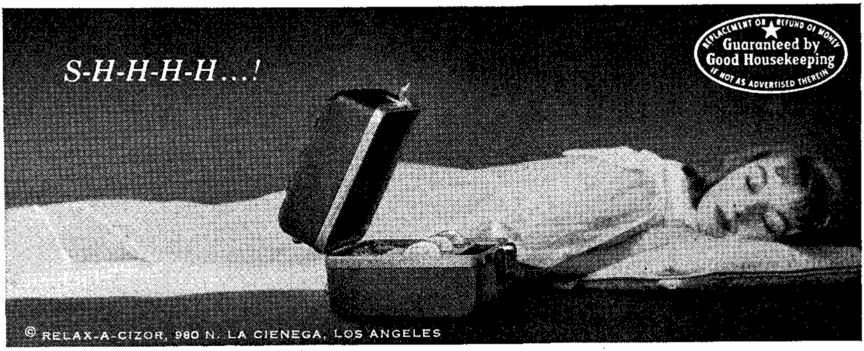
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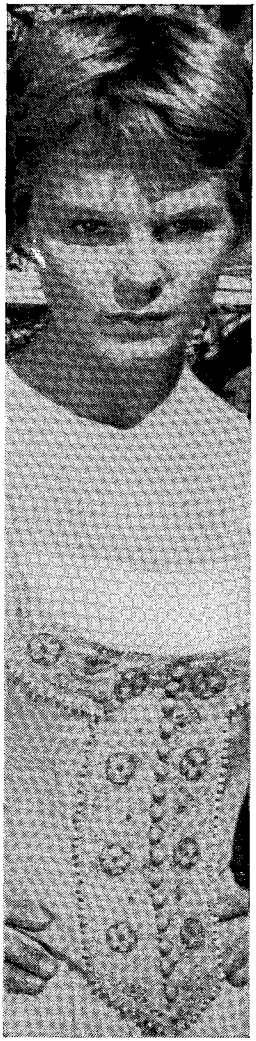
MOVIES

Star with a strange horizon



"DO WHAT YOU WANT; don't be like anyone else," **Diane Varsi**'s mother advised her. As a result, she matured into a non-conforming, off-beat personality whom even Hollywood regards as unique. Diane, 20, won an Academy Award nomination in her movie debut in *Peyton Place* and 20th Century-Fox signed her to a seven-year contract (salary: $400 weekly).

Two movies, just released, give star status to this introverted, blue-eyed girl, who has led a tempestuous life. In *Ten North Frederick,* based on John O'Hara's novel, Diane responds with an extremely moving performance as Gary Cooper's daughter. And in a western, *From Hell to Texas,* she depicts a character close to her own—a tomboy (*left*)—opposite Don Murray.

"I grew up hostile and resentful," recalls the San Francisco-born Diane. Surrounded by bitterly bickering French-Italian parents, she learned early to depend on herself and cope with solitude. She finally ran away from home, supported herself as an apple picker and worker in a candle factory, and walked to Los Angeles along the beaches, singing folk songs.

Somewhere along the way, close-mouthed Diane wed, bore a son, Shawn, now 22 months, and was divorced from her husband. Subsequently she married James Dickson, whom she describes as a producer.

A chance visit to Jeff Corey's drama class set things into focus for 5′7″, 120-pound Diane. She began studying with Corey, and he sent her to audition for *Peyton Place.* Her restrained intensity won her a part in the film.

Knowledge-hungry Diane spends free moments studying everything from acting to music composition to biology. She quit high school—"I couldn't stand the competition and the cliques"—and educated herself by reading six hours a day in the library for four months. To combat her deep insecurities, Diane has turned to psychoanalysis. "I've got an awful lot to work out," she confesses.

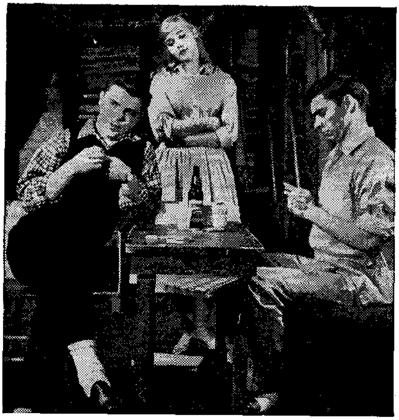
EARLIER THIS season, playwright William Inge probed *The Dark at the Top of the Stairs.* In **Blue Denim,** James L. Herlihy and William Noble explore the dark at the bottom.

In a basement hideaway at home, teenager Arthur Bartley and his self-assured crony, Ernie, play grownups with beer, poker, and manly profanity. One evening a lonely girl drops down to talk to Arthur; talk progresses into love and bewildering passion.

Soon Arthur faces the prospect of fatherhood; and his dilemma underscores the void between many parents and their children. Their inability to communicate is both touching and exasperating.

As Arthur, Burt Brinckerhoff expertly mirrors teenage tensions. Warren Berlinger steals scenes as Ernie, and Carol Lynley plays the lonely Janet with poignancy. Arthur's well-meaning parents are perceptively delineated by Chester Morris and June Walker.

Babes in a basement: Ernie, Janet and Arthur.



Hayes removes shoe as he spins alibi to wife.

"A FOREIGN exchange student" is the answer to **Who Was That Lady I Saw You With?** in Norman Krasna's lunatic farce. A chemistry professor's wife (Mary Healy) catches him kissing the comely student after class, and starts packing for Reno.

The desperate professor (Peter Lind Hayes) calls a TV writer-friend (Ray Walston), who hatches an involved alibi: he transforms the mild professor into an undercover FBI agent—with three green dots on one foot for identification—and the student into an imported Mata Hari.

From there, Chinese waiters, two ladies of the evening called the Coogle Sisters, real FBI and CIA agents and foreign spies get into the act. Fortunately the act —and Krasna's gag-a-minute lines—are in very good hands, and the three stars race through the comedy with all the antic abandon of a Marx Brothers chase.

TELEVISION

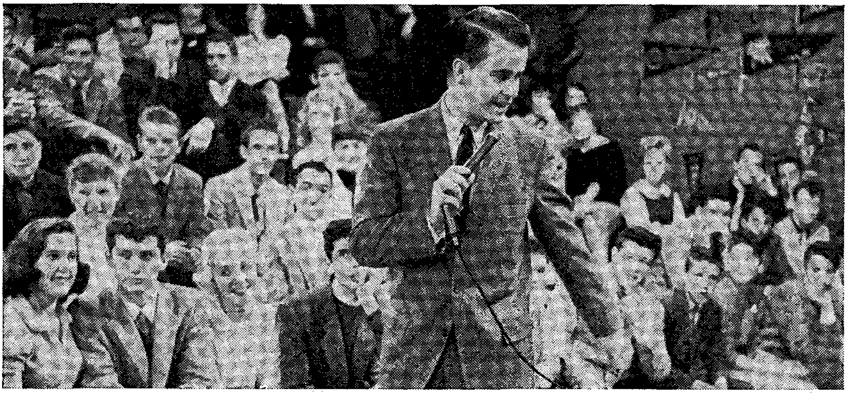
TEENAGERS and parents alike apparently agree on the appeal of disk jockey Dick Clark, 28. In less than a year, Clark parlayed a personable appearance, a pleasant smile and a smoothly authoritative manner into two ABC network shows and a six-figure income.

But the 5′9″, 155-pound Clark is no TV novice. He learned his broadcasting ABCs working summers in the Utica, New York, radio station his father manages; also on a local outlet while attending Syracuse University. Majoring in business administration and advertising, Clark graduated in 1951, worked as an announcer and hooked up with Philadelphia's WFIL-TV in 1952. Then he married his high school sweetheart, Barbara Mallery.

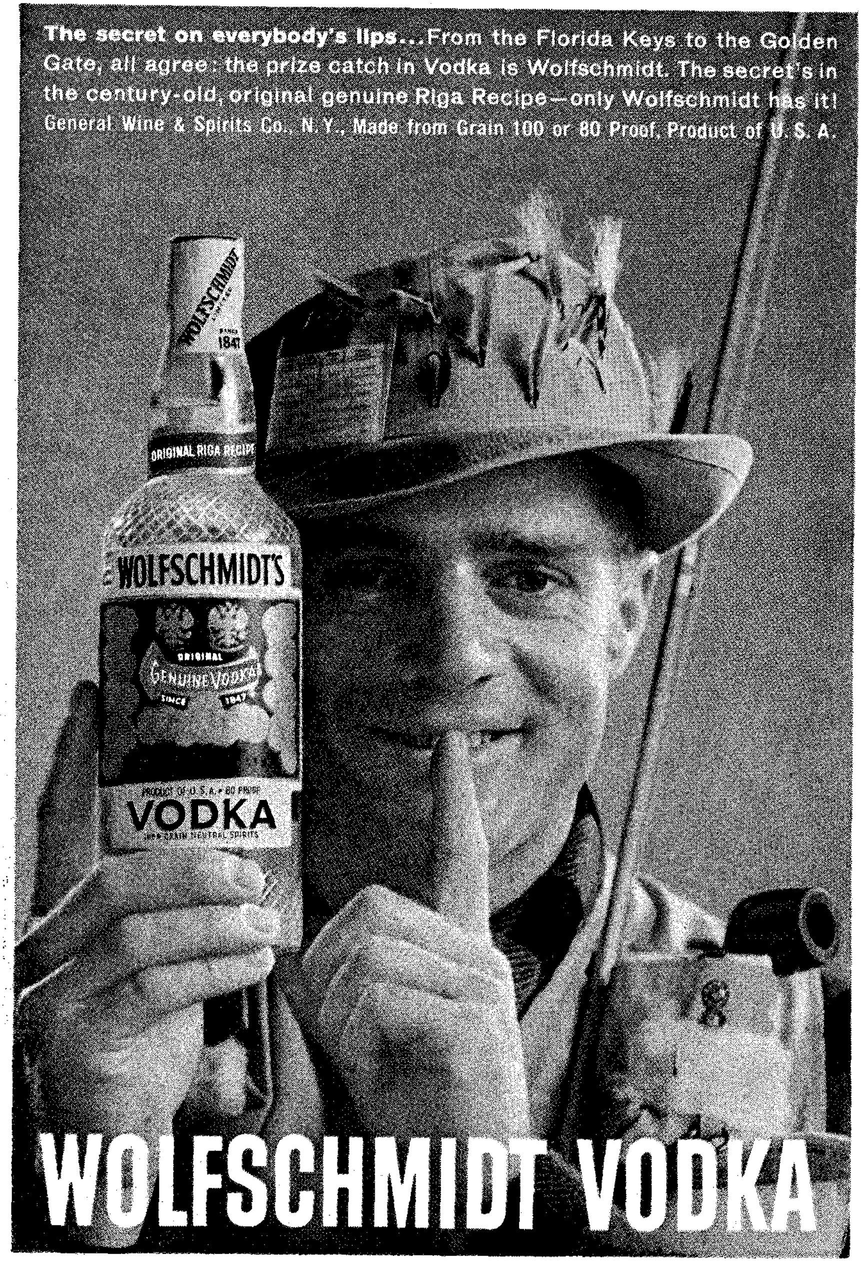
Clark's big break came as M.C. of **American Bandstand,** an afternoon dance-to-records show, in July 1956. ABC officials, noting its high ratings, last August started featuring *Bandstand* for 90 minutes on weekdays. Clark's easy-going patter and shrewd selections of teenagers' dance tunes practically tuned out competition. Last February ABC found another hit formula: **The Dick Clark Show** (Saturdays, 7:30 p.m.), featuring guest stars in interviews and song acts.

Energetic, brown-eyed Clark lives modestly in a $115-a-month apartment in Drexel Hill, Pennsylvania, and has a prefab summer beach house in Maryland. But his heavy new schedule barely leaves him time for his 19-month-old son or for "messing around in the kitchen," his hobby.

Deluged by an average of 33,000 fan letters weekly, Clark cautiously keeps hanging on to a "lucky" silver dollar and a Lord's Prayer-inscribed penny. He hopes his shows are bringing parents (half his audience is adult) and teenagers closer, giving them "something to talk about together. There's nothing mysterious about kids," says Clark. "Most adults just don't take the time to find this out."



Dick Clark, a milk drinker who looks like a teenage Pied Piper, has the easy technique of a veteran.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CORONET
JULY 1958

by Jhan and June Robbins

Mr. Dulles' finest hour

"Too busy to be scared," he withstood being pushed to the brink of death by cancer. Fortified by his faith, he was back on the job five weeks after surgery

On November 3, 1956, John Foster Dulles, America's 53rd Secretary of State, underwent an emergency operation. The symptoms indicated appendicitis. On the operating table, however, the cause was plainly seen—intestinal cancer!

Surgeons removed the diseased section of the large intestine, stitched the two good ends together and prayed for the best. Statistically, at his age (then 68) the odds against Dulles' complete recovery —or living through the second Eisenhower administration—were more than four to one. Physically, politically and diplomatically it was assumed that the Secretary was finished.

Many reputable physicians admit that they do not tell their patients the truth when they diagnose cancer. They defend their position by saying that the knowledge is invariably such a shock that it tends to take the fight out of a patient—robs him of the crucial will to get well.

Where Secretary Dulles was concerned, however, there was no question of camouflaging the disease. His job was so important that he had to be told. How would he take it—this supposedly coldly rational man who many believe balances the world's chances for war or peace in his hands?

The presidential election was only three days away. In Poland, workers were striking and rioting. Russian tanks were rolling westward. Hungary's Freedom Fighters were radioing for help. Britain, France and Israel rained paratroops on Suez. A cartoon published

"I prefer airplanes," Dulles joked from his stretcher. Then, en route to the hospital, his ambulance got lost.

that week showed the Secretary standing on an airport runway, scratching his head over a wildly swinging compass and asking, "Which way to fly?" (Dulles' belief in the value of personal diplomacy is well known. Since entering the Cabinet in 1953 he has flown over 400,000 miles.)

The late afternoon of November 1st, two days before he was stricken, was undoubtedly the most crucial of the Secretary's life. It found him in a plane with half a dozen other State Department aides circling unhappily over New York City in a thick fog, visibility zero.

The UN was in session. Back in Washington that morning, Dulles and President Eisenhower had agreed to denounce the invasion of Suez and insist upon a speedy halt to fighting there.

Now, notes for his prepared remarks before him, Dulles munched peanuts, glanced at the latest headlines, and drew funny faces on the airplane window. Repeatedly the plane was refused permission to land at either LaGuardia or Idlewild Airport. Both airports were fogged in.

At last, although warned of minimum landing conditions, they set down at Newark, across the Hudson River from New York City, then fought the traffic to the UN.

As the lanky, aging Secretary strode to his place in the General Assembly, Britain's Sir Pierson Dixon had the floor. Dulles listened with astonishment as the beautifully spoken Englishman coolly compared his country's sudden action in the Middle East with the United States' defense of South Korea, six years before.

Dulles did not get the floor until late in the evening. Then he asked for an immediate cease fire in Suez.

Hours later—well after midnight—it was approved by an overwhelming majority of 59 votes. For the first time in many months the Soviet Union voted with the U. S. The Secretary acknowledged the support with a wintry nod.

The UN meeting lasted until four A.M. When Dulles returned to his suite at the Waldorf-Astoria Towers, his aides trailing wearily behind him, he briskly proposed leaving for Washington at eight.

"We just can't take that kind of pace, sir!" a young assistant said. Dulles agreed to 11 o'clock. He himself rose at 8:45 and called President Eisenhower on the telephone.

Back in the nation's capital by early afternoon, Dulles wound up with a typical work day. It involved a personal report to the President, then a solid schedule of meetings all afternoon. His last appointment was with Herbert Hoover, Jr., then the Under Secretary and rumored to be Dulles' heir apparent. He left his office at the State Department a few minutes after 7 P.M.

After dinner he watched Vice-President Nixon deliver a campaign

speech on television; and carried on a telephone conversation with Henry Cabot Lodge, Jr., U. S. Representative to the UN. Later, he played backgammon with Mrs. Dulles. She won. He drank a mild highball, took a hot bath, read briefly from a paperback detective story and was asleep by 10:30.

An hour later he awoke, complaining of stomach cramps and a chill. His wife put an extra blanket on the bed and placed a wrapped hot water bottle at his feet. He went back to sleep.

When he woke up the second time, Mrs. Dulles realized this was not just a stomach-ache. His face was a frightening color and she could see he was in dreadful pain.

At 3:30 A.M., Mrs. Dulles called Dr. Alva D. Daughton, their personal physician. He arrived minutes later and called Dr. John H. Lyons, former assistant clinical professor of medicine at George Washington University's School of Medicine, for a consultation. Dr. Lyons hurried over.

"They thought it might be appendicitis," Mrs. Dulles recalls. "Foster was still in great pain."

The two doctors phoned Maj. Gen. Howard McC. Snyder, the President's personal physician, and asked him to make arrangements for admission to Walter Reed Army Hospital. Then they called an ambulance.

The Dulleses live in a comfortable, rambling house. The ambulance roared up to the curb and two husky attendants darted up the stairs. The Secretary had to be propped up with pillows in an undignified, half-sitting position before his lengthy frame would fit on the stretcher.

A doctor said, "Hurry!"

As the rapidly descending stretch-

After the operation, President Eisenhower visited Dulles and told his doctor: "Take care of my boy—I need him."

er rounded a bend in the stair well, Dulles clutched the metal grip on the side and chuckled weakly, "Personally, I prefer airplanes."

At Walter Reed Hospital, a sizable crew of physicians, scrub nurses and lab technicians waited tensely for the sound of the ambulance siren. The time seemed interminable.

At 7 A.M. the ambulance arrived.

"What kept you?" the driver was asked.

"We got lost," he said unhappily.

Secretary Dulles was put to bed in the Presidential Suite. Before he agreed to take a sedative he telephoned his special assistant, William B. Macomber, and Herbert Hoover, Jr.

"I don't know how long I'll be out," he said, and gave them three different sets of instructions covering the possibility that he would be out a day, a week or "for good."

The Secretary, son of a Presbyterian minister, is a deeply religious man. He told Macomber, "Don't worry. What's to be will be." Then, in less pain, he drifted into a light sleep. Mrs. Dulles sat at his side.

Early in the morning, Lincoln White, State Department press officer, announced: "The provisional diagnosis is appendicitis. The Secretary is resting comfortably and conducting official business from the hospital."

Shortly after noon came the announcement that Dulles would be operated upon within the hour; that during the Secretary's indisposition there would be an Acting Secretary, Herbert Hoover, Jr.

A bulletin announcing that the operation had been completed was not released until around 4 o'clock. The State Department had to account for the two-and-a-half-hour interval. Clearly this was no mere appendectomy.

A carefully worded statement that a "portion of lower intestine had perforated but was successfully removed" was almost no help at all. The questions shot back, "Perforated from what? Does the Secretary have an ulcer?"

"I don't know," the hard-pressed Lincoln White answered. "I am not a doctor."

President Eisenhower visited Dulles at noon the following day. It was then agreed that the nation was entitled to know the exact diagnosis.

A few minutes later a bulletin using the term "adenocarcinoma" was released and the ill-kept secret was out. Dulles had been operated on for intestinal cancer.

Eisenhower left the hospital a saddened and deeply troubled man. He said huskily to Maj. Gen. Leonard D. Heaton, who had resectioned part of his own intestine only a short time before, "Take care of my boy—I need him!"

The rest of Washington, however, was already playing the game of "Who'll get his job?" Thomas E. Dewey, John McCloy, Herbert

Hoover, Jr., Christian Herter and Henry Cabot Lodge, Jr. were prominently mentioned.

A statement from the Dulles staff saying that the Secretary planned to be back at his desk in less than six weeks was received with admiring but skeptical smiles. Even some of his closest friends agreed that no matter how complete his recovery he would never again dare to shoulder the strain of the second toughest job in the world.

"In most cases they might have been right," one of the doctors says. "Too many cancer patients, even when operated on successfully, lose the courage to make decisions and solve even ordinary problems. But in Dulles' case, they reckoned without the man."

With the same cool concentration with which he might have learned about a minor revolt in Timbuktu, the Secretary listened to the details of his operation. He learned that one glance at his exposed intestine on the operating table had convinced his surgical team of the existence of malignant tumors.

A sliver-sized section was immediately removed and rushed to a lab for microscopic examination. Active cancer cells were visible.

However, further abdominal exploration showed none of the dangerous spreading, or metastasizing, of the wild cells. The cancer appeared to have been caught in an early stage. His appendix, it was added, was fine.

Dulles thanked his doctors. Minutes later he asked an assistant to brief him on the international events that had occurred while he was under the anesthetic.

On the day following his operation, although he was still being fed intravenously, Dulles read a thick stack of diplomatic dispatches, gave instructions to various members of the State Department and conferred with Acting Secretary Hoover.

The next day he had a lengthy telephone conversation with the President. He advised him to tell the Soviet Union that their suggestion made that morning that the U. S. and Russia crush the fighting in Suez by joint armed force was "unthinkable."

The day after the election, the President visited Dulles again. They were both in good spirits. A nurse recalls that "they were sure laughing a lot."

The President and the Secretary had a serious talk about developments in the Middle East. They were relieved about England's sudden announcement that she would accept the UN's cease fire in Egypt.

After Eisenhower left, the Secretary remarked to one of the doctors, "I guess I still have a job."

For the next week, Walter Reed Hospital was a little State Department. Diplomats and ambassadors came and went in a steady stream.

Phyllis D. Bernau, personal assistant to Dulles, arrived early each morning. "The Secretary's voice might have been a little weaker than usual," she says, "but his letters and directives were as keen and thorough-going as ever. No one treated him as an invalid—he didn't give us a chance."

The doctors were amazed at how

rapidly Dulles was bouncing back. So were his friends. One visiting official who came to console the Secretary said in astonishment, "Foster, you look better than ever."

Dulles replied logically, "Why not? They took out what was ailing me."

Asked later if he had gone through any period of mental depression while hospitalized, he said feelingly, "I sure did. I had to lie there and see Yale beat Princeton."

On November 18th, wearing slacks, sweater and carpet slippers, and carrying a briefcase stuffed with "homework," he flew to Key West, Florida. The weather, usually reliable, was cold and windy and the first day only one member of the party dared go swimming—Dulles.

Climbing out of the icy salt waves, he urged a young man huddling on the beach under a robe, "Exercise. It's good for you."

Tanned and vigorous after two weeks in the sun, Dulles returned to Washington. Six days later—just five weeks after his cancer operation—he flew to Paris to try to mend the breach between France and the U. S. created by the Suez incident.

There, his voice strained with emotion and speaking perhaps more significantly than he knew, he said, "I would not go so far as to say that there are no scars that remain. . . . But the best way to forget the past is plan for the future. That is a rule that I think applies to life in all its aspects. . . . As we think about the future and plan for it together, there tends to be a healing of the old wounds. I think that process is underway."

Asked how he was able to survive a serious cancer operation and come back in so short a time with all his accustomed vigor, Secretary Dulles gives a three-part answer:

The miracle of modern medicine made it possible to diagnose his trouble and to act quickly to repair the damage.

He was so busy with his work that he didn't have time to have nightmares about cancer.

He had strong faith in God and was content to put the ultimate future in His hands.

Only history will say how good a Secretary of State John Foster Dulles was. Decades from now, historians may still be arguing about whether or not he did the right thing about China, Syria, Russia, Israel. But most people will agree that any man who faced up as he did to his personal crisis has given an example of lasting value to all of us.

Careless Casualty

A MIAMI BEACH, FLORIDA, BOY was treated at a hospital for injuries received while "under the influence of comic books."

The boy told the policeman he rammed his bicycle into the side of a parked car as he attempted to flip a page in the comic book he was reading.

It took two stitches to close the wound in his leg.

—*Associated Press*

GRIN and SHARE IT

A MAN TOOK HIS Great Dane to a veterinarian. "Doctor," he said, "you've got to do something. My dog does nothing but chase sport cars."

"Well, that's only natural," replied the vet. "Most dogs chase cars."

"Yes," the man agreed. "But mine catches them and buries them in the back yard." —*The Toastmaster*

AN AMERICAN COUPLE on a tour of rural France had their baggage sent to a small inn ahead of them. When they arrived, they were cordially greeted by the manager who assured them with the few English words he knew that he had made every arrangement for their comfort. He had even registered them, taking their names from their luggage: "Mr. and Mrs. Genuine Cowhide."

—MARSHALL K. MCCLELLAND

RECENTLY PEOPLE LIVING around New York's Ninth Avenue have been amused by this sign draped over a horse pulling a fruit wagon:

"Please patronize us. I'm not an ordinary horse. I once ran third at Santa Anita and paid $28.40 for $2.00."

—HY GARDNER—*New York Herald Tribune*

THE ART of hitting a nail squarely on the head was one the wife had never mastered. But one day she did manage to nail a strip of board to the kitchen wall in order to make room for utensils. True, the board bore more hammer marks than nails, but at least it was up.

That evening her husband studied the new strip—now bravely painted but still bearing marks of battle.

"What did you do, dear," he asked gently, "scare them in?" —*Capper's Weekly*

SUCCESSFUL PARTNERS in business, Sam and Al spent most of their spare time trying to outdo each other. If one bought a $150 suit, the other bought one costing $200. If one bought a Cadillac, the other bought a Rolls Royce.

One day Sam had a phone put in his car. Al was furious when he heard about it and immediately had one installed in his car. Then he called Sam and said nonchalantly, "This is Al. I'm phoning *your* car from *my* car."

"Would you mind holding on for a minute," answered Sam briskly, "I've got a call on another wire."

—FRITZ PURNELL

Why not send your funny story to "Grin and Share It" Editor, Coronet, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y.? Please give your source. Payment is made upon publication, and no contributions can be acknowledged or returned.

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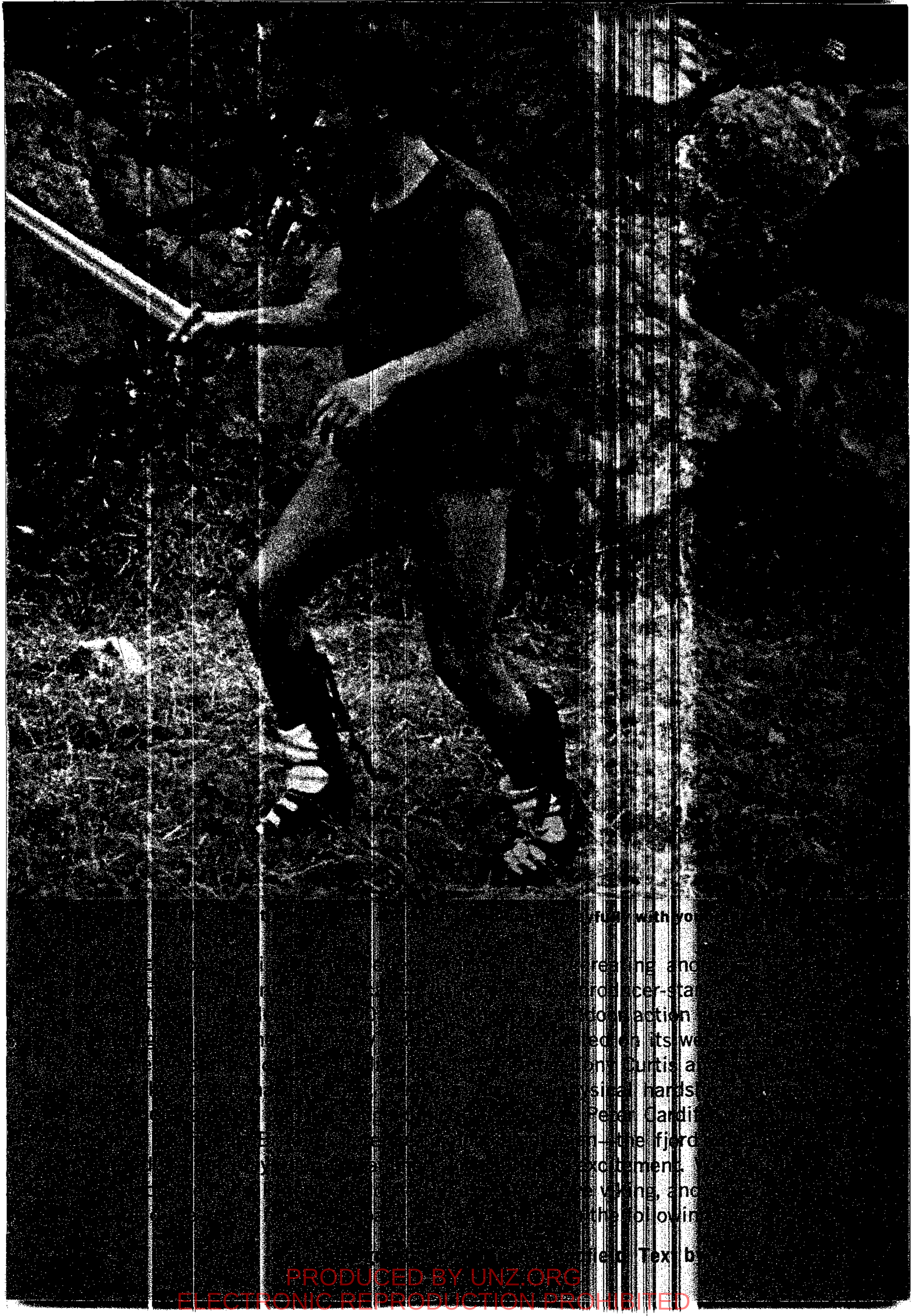

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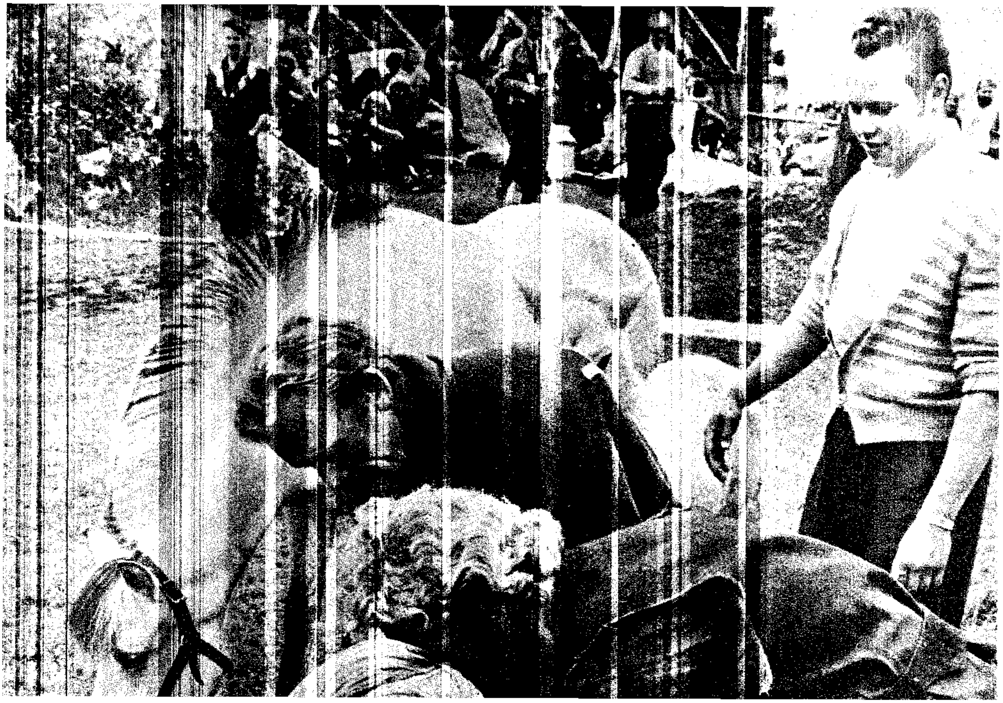
BECAUSE OF THE REMOTENESS of the location, "The Vikings" cast and crew lived aboard two ships anchored in the fjord. Due to the cramped quarters, wives, including Mrs. Cardiff, remained in nearby Bergen. Peter and his father occupied a cabin on the Brand VI, once a luxury yacht owned by heiress Barbara Hutton. Scandinavian cold, fog and rain bedeviled the moviemakers almost without letup. After eight straight days of rain, director Richard Fleischer asked a young native: "Does it always rain in Bergen?" The boy grinned and replied, "I don't know; I'm only 18." The downpour turned the earth into a sea of mud. But it never bogged down Peter's spirits. He always found plenty to do. The 4'1" tall Peter talked the prop man into making him a scaled-to-size sword and bow and arrows. The wardrobe people hand-tailored costumes for him which were exact copies of Tony Curtis' viking armor. The French duelling expert gave Peter lessons. And in play battles, stunt men "died" spectacularly for him. Also, since this was a $5,000,000 production, the sets included castles, drawbridges, and dungeons—ideal for a youngster to explore. Peter made the most of every opportunity.

Peter began to develop a crush on comely Janet Leigh, curlers and all. To gain attention, he pelted her with his slingshot. Later, Janet retaliated with her wet boot.

CUTIVE OFFICE

(Above) Attired in Texas blue jeans, young Peter rode herd on everything aboard the Brand VI.

(Left) When Peter sneaked into Douglas' dressing room and used grease paint to refinish a chair, Douglas gave him the heave-ho.



ONE DAY PETER ASKED Janet's husband, Tony Curtis, her age. With a straight face Tony replied, "Fourteen." Peter reflected on that for a spell, then told Janet their age differences were no barrier to future happiness. Then in a man-to-man talk, he offered Tony his sword, shield and assorted paste jewels in exchange for Janet. "I like to box, and she's just the right size for a sparring partner," he explained. When Tony finally convinced the youngster he loved Janet more than that, Peter shook his head understandingly and began to accept Tony as a fellow victim of Janet's charm. While waiting for the rain to stop one day, Tony decided to practice his favorite hobby, make-up, on Peter. He got the boy to promise to keep his eyes closed, then transformed him into a clown. The youngster was delighted when he saw the result. But he was even happier later that week when Tony gave him scars and a beard — like a real viking. His location trip to Norwegian fjords was an experience Peter Cardiff will never forget.

Peter and Tony painted each other as clowns (above). Afterwards, the two of them splashed through the rainstorm (opposite) to surprise the cast at lunch with their new faces.

Allen Rankin, a prominent Alabama journalist, has written scores of magazine articles on the South. The facts presented in this report are unpleasant, frightening and, in the words of the author, "admittedly prejudiced." Nevertheless they demand serious consideration by all Americans—especially those who would help the Southern Negro's cause.

"The integration fight

TUSKEGEE, ALABAMA (pop. 4,700) is the only town in the United States that resolutely has arranged for its own Depression in 1958, and perhaps its ultimate suicide.

This little city—known throughout the world for the progress the Negro race has made at its Tuskegee Institute—is beset by a "cold" but terrible war between its white and Negro people. Here, hundreds of educated and able Negroes have been shut out of the hope of voting or otherwise participating in town affairs. Now whites are threatening to abolish the entire surrounding county "if it takes that to prevent Negroes (who outnumber them seven to one) from dominating us in politics."

Negroes have retaliated with an effective boycott of Tuskegee's white merchants, and the town seems doomed to strangle to death economically. The stores around the square have an abandoned ghost-town look. Business, booming until recently, is off more than 50 percent.

How long can the white merchants hold out?

"Forever, if we have to," they say. "We'll see our livelihoods, and the town and even the county we live in destroyed before we'll tolerate desegregation and the end of our Southern way of life."

Disfranchised Negroes see what is happening here as obstinate economic suicide on the part of the whites, a high-handed rejection of democracy and denial of their rights as American citizens. White Tuskegeeans, on the other hand, think of themselves as making a "Valley Forge" stand in the Deep South's rebellion against the U. S. Supreme Court's desegregation decree.

Back in 1945, Sam Engelhardt, owner of a large plantation near Tuskegee, saw "the handwriting on the wall." A lank, high-domed, intensely serious man, then 35, Engelhardt (he is presently running for by Allen Rankin

is killing Tuskegee!"

lieutenant governor of Alabama) was the county's most zealous guardian of "White Supremacy."

"The Negroes," he warned fellow farmers, "are pushing for political power. Pretty soon, they'll be trying to run Macon County."

Few people took him seriously. True, percentage-wise there were more Negroes in Macon County than anywhere else in the U. S.—85 percent of its people were Negroes; 27,334 Negroes lived there, only about 5,000 whites.

Land-owning white families recalled the bitter stories of ruinous Reconstruction days, when Northern conquerors tried to elevate liberated slaves over their former white masters. Macon whites were tacitly determined that nothing like this should ever happen again.

For decades, they had looked across toward the Tuskegee Institute campus with intermingled pride and uneasiness. They were proud of the fact that Negro faculty members at the Institute long since had become superbly educated; that their homes, clothes and cars were equal to those of well-to-do whites in the community.

White leaders cheered and helped as the Institute's technical know-how seeped out over the surrounding countryside, raised the standard of living for less fortunate Negroes, taught tenant farmers and sharecroppers to stand on their own feet, replaced mules with tractors, tin-roofed shacks with livable homes.

Didn't this show how beautifully the Negro could fare under the South's "separate but equal" doctrine? Wasn't the Institute Exhibit A for the argument that Southern Negroes had made more progress in the last 50 years than their race had made at any other time or place in history?

Only one thing made the whites—particularly those at Tuskegee—

nervous: these highly educated Negroes wanted to vote; so did most of the 2,000 well-paid personnel at the Veterans Administration Hospital at Tuskegee. Furthermore, they wanted all the Negroes in the county to take a representative share in local affairs and government.

Still, most Macon County whites had never given a serious thought to the possibility that Negroes might ever try to "out-vote" them. They assumed that Tuskegee Negroes were much too well off materially, their leaders too worldly-wise, ever to thus risk their gains.

So no one heeded planter Engelhardt's scare-talk. The citizens of Macon went on promising the Negro that the right to vote would come "gradually," as he became "qualified." (It had come so gradually by 1945, that only 150 Negroes in the county were "qualified voters.")

"Tuskegee Negroes are agitating," Engelhardt announced in 1950. "They're pushing to the polls in blocs, and they're being indiscriminately registered to vote. More than 500 of them have registered in the last four years. Before long, they'll be trying to elect a Negro mayor or sheriff."

The warning was sufficient to send Engelhardt (no political candidate until then) to the State House of Representatives to see what he could do to stop the Negro advance. And, in 1954, he was elected to the State Senate.

In general, Alabamians believed Negroes *should* have a more equitable share in government. Many even favored limited desegregation—in medical schools and other technical colleges of graduate level. These

Saturday noon—a busy shopping time—found this A&P almost deserted as Negroes refused to patronize white stores. Lee's clothing store (left) closed after the economic boycott began.

considered Sam Engelhardt as an old-fashioned conservative, a man obsessed with nightmares that would never happen.

Then came the Supreme Court's decree that schools must desegregate. Came the NAACP and other organizations backed by Northern views and Northern money.

The South could not have been more shocked, more quickly galvanized into action. In the swarms of crusaders who descended on it, it saw the return of the carpetbaggers of Reconstruction days.

And suddenly, in the eyes of the South, Sam Engelhardt and all champions of segregation were right.

Before the arrival of the "outsiders," Engelhardt had had little luck in forming a White Citizens Council in Alabama. Now membership flocked to him and he headed a state association of such councils; he also became a key figure in the Southern-wide organization, an order estimated at 225,000.

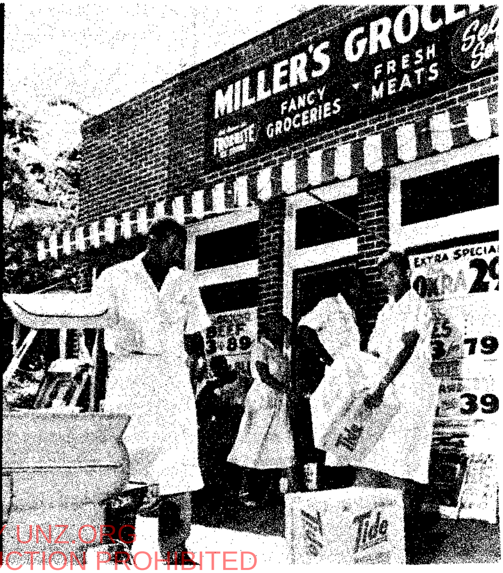
By 1957, Engelhardt was ready, willing and able to clamp down on Negro "agitators" in his own county. (Since the Court decision, even Southern spokesmen for civil rights had become "agitators.")

Macon Negroes, who now held about 1,100 votes to the whites' 2,400, suddenly tried to register a bloc of some 4,500 additional voters. The county board of registrars temporarily stopped this by resigning.

Charles G. Gomillion, dean of students at Tuskegee Institute and a leading spokesman for Negro rights, spoke out even louder. Under his direction, the Tuskegee Civic Association asserted that it was "working

In Tuskegee, Alabama,
where Negroes outnumber
whites 7 to 1, special
laws banished Negro voters
to other districts.
The Negroes retaliated
with an economic boycott and
a grim "cold war" began

At the beginning of the boycott, business boomed for Negro grocer Emanuel Miller. Later mysterious fire destroyed his store.



for desegregation" in schools and for "executing court action to compel public officials to perform their duties."

"Tuskegee Negroes are in no position to 'compel,'" said Sam Engelhardt. And, he vowed, he was going to see to it that they never would be.

In May, 1957, the Senator drove to the state capital in Montgomery and put through the legislature a bill that jigsawed virtually all Negroes out of the city limits of Tuskegee. When the gerrymandering was through, only nine of the 420 Negroes who formerly had voted in municipal elections remained Tuskegeeans.

"And if necessary," Engelhardt declared, "we'll simply abolish the county. We'll slice it up and divide the pieces—and the Negro population—among five neighboring counties."

Last December 17, in a state-wide referendum, Alabamians voted three to two for an amendment empowering a special legislative committee headed by Engelhardt to abolish and scatter historic old Macon County "if they deem it necessary."

Last June, Negroes about to be gerrymandered out of Tuskegee started holding a series of mass meetings in their churches. One speaker told them: "Abraham Lincoln freed us. Booker T. Washington educated us. Sam Engelhardt united us." Said TCA's Charles Gomillion: "We will buy goods only from those who recognize us as first-class citizens, not from those who oppress us." A preacher told one group: "If the white people want the square to themselves, then I think they should have it."

The stream of Negro customers entering white stores dried up abruptly. For food, the boycotters flocked to small markets run by their own race. For other shopping, they shared rides to nearby Auburn, or to Montgomery 40 miles away.

Within six weeks, a Tuskegee grocer's business fell off 61 percent; a large department store's, 65; a men's shop's, 73. The whole downtown district acquired a sick and forsaken look.

In November, 760 former Negro residents sent to the city council a petition beginning: "We the undersigned wish to live in the city of Tuskegee." The answer was a flat "no."

The grim contest has been going on now for over a year, with neither side willing to yield an inch. "Sure, I realize I'll go bankrupt if this keeps up," one merchant says, "but if it takes that to show 'em we mean business on segregation, I'm prepared to do just that." He says it with resignation and the kind of weariness that expects no relief.

Just as wearily, Negro spokesman Charles Gomillion says, "You find most cities trying to build, few trying to destroy themselves like this."

Gomillion is 57, a slender, graying, immaculately dressed man. He lives in a modest but handsome home.

"For years," he says, "the white Southerner has been telling us: 'Get educated, get good jobs, acquire property, and then—' Well, we've

"We will buy only from those who recognize us as first-class citizens — not from those who oppress us."

Charles G. Gomillion, Tuskegee Institute

done all these things and we seem to be worse off than if we hadn't. What incentive is there for Negro youths to try to get good educations and amount to something when they see this?

"The whites say, 'Stay away from our schools, our churches, our recreation areas and our ballot boxes and you're "good Negroes."' But if we stay away from their stores, we're 'bad Negroes.' That's logic?"

Gomillion labels as "ridiculous" the whites' charge that Negroes were trying to "take over Tuskegee and run the town. I don't think you could *entice* any Negro here to run for an important office like mayor or sheriff. The truth is that they just don't want us to participate in civil affairs in even the most minor way. It looks like we've about reached the point of no return.

"What kind of people are these who would destroy rather than build? How can we tell Europe what kind of democracy we've got when they see this?"

Sen. Engelhardt snorts at this point of view. "Let's get this straight right now," he says. "At the moment, I'm a lot less interested in impressing Europe than in solving a critical problem right here at home."

Engelhardt lives in a rambling farmhouse that overlooks 6,500 acres of good land. He is known throughout that county as a man who "treats his Negroes well." He employs about 75 as field hands. Some of the tenant families who live on the plantation have been there since his great-grandfather's time.

"Slogans like *democracy* and *equality* and *the brotherhood of man* are fine in their place," the planter says, "but they don't solve practical, everyday problems, and they're not going to solve this one.

"The main thing we're trying to do here is prevent serious violence. You can't control the mob element, the hoodlum element on either side, and every responsible person knows that violence and chaos would come if Negroes were allowed to get political control of this county. We don't want any killings here and we don't want any Federal bayonets.

"We've tried to find a *legal* way out of this, and we believe we've found one—a way that other counties where whites are outnumbered by Negroes will follow, if they have to.

"We believe that segregation is to the great advantage of both races anywhere. But we *know* it is the *only* system that will work in the Deep South. Certainly, nothing we've seen of the headaches, the grief and strife in New York, Chicago, Washington, Detroit and other places that are mixing races in schools, has convinced us we're wrong.

"How, then, can these same Northerners expect us folks down here in Macon County to integrate—in either schools *or* politics—when the Negroes outnumber us seven to one?"

What is going to happen to Tuskegee?

"I don't believe the town is going to die," the Senator says. "And I don't think we're going to have to abolish the county, either. I don't believe the great majority of our Negroes want this boycott. I think eventually they'll throw off their present leadership and things will be as before."

If so, there is no sign of a truce flag from the boycotters as yet.

"The people here have gone crazy," one of the few remaining white moderates says. "There's no reasoning anymore, no middle ground at all. Sam Engelhardt is as much to blame as anybody. It's gotten so bad that either you agree with everything Sam says or you're a nigra-lovin' Communist.' "

Another, now branded as a "Liberal," puts it this way: "This whole thing could be worked out if white and Negro leaders would sit down and talk over the common problem. It's time that people here realized the days of slavery are over. Our Negroes are well-educated and they pay taxes. They should have a voice in how things are run."

But such dissenters are a tiny minority and they aren't talking out loud. If many of the suffering merchants believe Engelhardt's methods were "too drastic," they still look on him as a savior who is doing "what *somebody* had to do."

Is there no hope of a compromise? Apparently not. And principally because Engelhardt and city council members view Gomillion and some other Negro spokesmen as "professional agitators, trained to stir up strife in the South." On the other hand, many whites in Tuskegee—even some of the merchants most badly hurt by the boycott—will say in confidence, "I don't blame the Negroes. If I were in their shoes, I'd be doing exactly what they're doing."

The chief "sin" of the race here—as in some other parts of the South—is in their numbers. A complaint often heard is: "Sure, we'd give them anything they wanted—if there just weren't so many of them."

Some years ago, Sen. Engelhardt proposed that the heavy Negro population in and around Tuskegee Institute be given a separate county of their own, to be named Carver County after the famous Negro educator. The plan failed to materialize at the time because, it was

"If necessary we'll abolish the county . . . slice it up and divide . . . the Negroes among five neighboring counties"

Sam Engelhardt, White Citizens Council

pointed out, it would put a Negro representative in the state legislature.

Even so, there was growing sentiment for the all-Negro county—until the recent agitation. Now, it will probably be a great many years before Alabama considers admitting a Negro to the legislature.

Practically all liberal and even moderate thinking on the race question has ground to an abrupt and disheartening stop.

Tuskegee whites say they've made "no attempt," thus far, to "retaliate" against Negro boycotters.

"Even though they're trying to ruin the town financially," says Mayor Phil Lightfoot, "we're still furnishing them police and fire protection and utilities at reasonable rates. But I don't know how long we'll be able to continue these services."

As this is written, the Negroes' outspoken Tuskegee Civic Association is being investigated by the office of State Attorney General John Peterson (a candidate for governor of Alabama). Suspected of leading "an illegal boycott," the Association is under temporary court injunction.

Engelhardt suggests: "There's talk that the State's sizable appropriation to Tuskegee Institute might be cut off if this kind of thing keeps up. I doubt if the legislature will want to go on supporting this kind of agitation."

Can the demanders of "first-class citizenship" expect any substantial help from the Federal Government? Will the courts rule Tuskegee-type gerrymandering unconstitutional?

"How can they?" asks Engelhardt. "Cities and counties re-zone themselves all the time. But if they do, we'll think of something else."

He adds: "The mess in Little Rock—where it's taking Federal bayonets to keep nine Negro children in a white school—will be a garden party compared to what will happen if they try to desegregate Alabama!"

Engelhardt believes—and many impartial observers agree—that the chance of any sizable troop occupation of the South grows less and less likely.

"Sputniks are flying now," he says. "We're awake to the critical need of a stronger, better-educated country. Isn't it inconceivable that, at a time like this, the Government would risk wrecking the education system in at least ten states, and even splitting the nation in two?

"If integration is forced on us," he says, obviously meaning it, "we'll surely close the public schools."

Despite all the sound and fury of the past three years, schools still remain completely separate throughout the Deep South—Alabama, Florida, Georgia, Louisiana, Mississippi and South Carolina—and in two Mid-South states, North Carolina and Virginia. A majority of the whites in this vast area are passionately resolved that integration will come "never!"

As one moderate summed it up: "Most white Southerners come to that resolve with conflicting and sorely troubled emotions. We had become proud, perhaps a bit smug, in the knowledge that for nearly 50 years the major outbreaks of racial tension had occurred not in the South, but elsewhere. It had become a signal pleasure to point out to strangers: 'See what splendid progress the Negro is making—in education, in industry, in higher incomes and better living conditions.'

"So it is a bitter dose suddenly to find ourselves cast in the role of villain again, the more so because we are fully aware our Southern defensiveness and chip-on-the-shoulder attitude issues from deep guilt feelings. Few of us will deny—to each other—that our racial instincts and policies are often at war with our most basic concepts of democracy, justice and Christianity. The voices of our own leaders—and of our own consciences—buzz too insistently in our own ears to want to hear our shortcomings cataloged by strangers who are doing none too well in handling their own racial difficulties.

"That the South's position is morally precarious serves only to make it the more stubborn and determined not to yield. Inflamed by zealous pressures from outsiders who little understood it, the South has fought one civil war for a cause it knew was wrong and lost even before the battles began. If pressed too hard, it may fight another all-out war—a 'cold' but disastrous one—now. Tragically enough, if this comes to pass, it will be the Negro who suffers most.

"For in any showdown with outside forces, the Negro's best friend, the white Southern moderate, is forced abruptly to forsake the Negro's cause and to side with his own race—his beleaguered blood and kin. Thus, the Negro is left friendless in his own land. This is fast becoming the case—and to an alarming degree."

Age of Unreason

HAVING GONE THROUGH some turbulent stages,
I state a conviction that's flat:
A child's most difficult age is
Whichever he's presently at!

—MAY RICHSTONE

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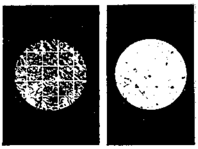
PROOF – IN PICTURES



Mouth bacteria, chief cause of decay, build up overnight (shown at left). One Gleem brushing destroys up to 90% of these bacteria (shown at right)

PROOF – IN PERSON

Tests prove that one morning brushing with Gleem destroys odor-causing bacteria so effectively mouth odor is stopped *all day*, for most people.

If you, like this mother, can't brush after every meal—even though it's best—take a tip from her. She knows food combines with mouth bacteria to cause both decay and mouth odor. So she depends on Gleem—the toothpaste for people who can't brush after every meal. You, too, can depend on Gleem to destroy most bacteria with just one brushing.

Only GLEEM has *GL-70* to fight decay and mouth odor

A tiny pill holds out
new hope for millions afflicted
with hypertension,
heart failure and toxemia

A TRIPLE-THREAT DRUG

that fights HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE

by Phyllis & Robert Goldman

A 38-YEAR-OLD corporation executive, examined by his doctor in a large Eastern medical center, was found to have high blood pressure—about 40 points over what it should have been. In a few days, his blood pressure was back to normal, where it has been ever since.

At a hospital in the Southwest, a 46-year-old heart patient lay on the brink of death. Fluids were backing up in his chest causing dangerous congestion. In ten days he was discharged from the hospital, and is now back at work as a real estate salesman.

Not far from that hospital, a pregnant woman was diagnosed as having a condition called toxemia, dangerous to the life of her unborn infant and to her own. But today she is the mother of a fine baby boy.

The reason those patients—and thousands of others—are doing so well is a new drug called Diuril, made available for prescription use only recently. Even usually conservative doctors are enthusiastic about the new medication, which has surprised the pharmaceutical company that produces it—Merck Sharp & Dohme of Philadelphia. A Merck spokesman admits that doctors' claims for Diuril exceed even those of his firm. Usually, with new therapeutics, it is the other way around.

Thus far, doctors have used the drug mainly in cases of high blood pressure, congestive heart failure and in toxemia of pregnancy. In the first two categories, there are an estimated 5,000,000 to 6,000,000 patients; in the latter, perhaps several hundred thousand. That is the enormous potential patient load for Diuril, which is one of the big reasons doctors are so enthusiastic about it.

In high blood pressure, Diuril has the following advantages over drugs previously used in the field: 1) It acts rapidly—within two hours in most cases. 2) It can be taken by mouth in pill form to give desired results. 3) It has what doctors call a "potentiating" effect on other drugs, that is, it enhances the action of other drugs and actually makes them work better. 4) With Diuril there are few if any "side effects," such as nausea, vomiting and diarrhea, which often develop with other available drugs. 5) Few if any patients develop tolerance to the drug, that is, the drug retains its effectiveness over long periods. Thus, one team of Washington, D.C., doctors reports that the drug reduced blood pressure in patients an average of 16 percent, depending on whether it was used alone or in combination with other medication.

For reasons not fully understood, some drugs serve as "bolsterers" of other drugs. This is extremely important in the case of Diuril for these reasons: some presently used high blood pressure drugs must be given often and in large doses to produce the desired results. But with Diuril, these older drugs can be given in reduced dosage, and produce even better pressure-lowering effects than before. In addition, side effects of combined therapy are decreased significantly.

Diuril can be given alone to lower blood pressure of certain patients. These persons are fortunate indeed, because most of them can get along well on two pills a day—one in the morning and one in the evening. Besides its striking effect, either alone or in combination, patients report that they feel better than ever when taking Diuril.

Ironically, the new therapeutic find was originally thought by researchers to be beneficial only in the treatment of congestive heart failure. It was introduced to research doctors merely as a "diuretic," a drug which can cause harmful fluids to be eliminated by the body. Hence the name Diuril, which is adapted from the term diuretic.

Thus, tests with the drug a year or more ago concentrated on its presumed ability to remove those harmful fluids. In these studies, its amazing blood-pressure-lowering effects were discovered.

However, Diuril's ability to help remove those fluids has caused just as much exhilaration in the medical world as its blood pressure successes. According to a recent article in the *Journal of the American Medical Association,* Diuril is said to be the most effective agent now available for combating excessive fluid retention in the body.

Dr. Ralph V. Ford, Assistant Professor of Medicine at Baylor University College of Medicine, asserts that Diuril is the top drug of its kind because of its lack of harmful side effects, its ease of administration (no needles for injection required), and its economy. Diuril therapy alone may be 10 to 30 percent cheaper than certain other widely used types of therapy.

In congestive heart failure, the heart fails to pump blood properly. As a result, the body's "fluid balance" is thrown off kilter. Fluids begin to accumulate in the lungs or in other parts of the body. Arms and legs may begin to swell with excess fluid. Often, it is a matter of life-and-death to get those fluids out of the body without causing side effects which can sap the patient's strength.

That was what happened to a 42-year-old New York advertising man. Following a heart attack, he would go into heart failure from time to time. Those fluids would back up. Usually, he would be hospitalized and treated with other diuretics. Chest taps to remove the fluid would also be performed.

That was before Diuril. Today, he takes only the new drug. For several months, diuresis has taken place shortly after each administration of the drug. There has been no need for hospitalization or chest tap. The savings in money, time and the increased comfort to the patient have been striking.

Uncounted other cases are being started on the new drug and are also deriving its benefits—patients heretofore plagued by heart-caused fluid retention.

This particular application of Diuril is doubly important because heart failure is said by many authorities to be the No. 1 problem in the whole field of heart disease.

What good is it, these doctors ask, when after the patient survives the heart attack he is made an invalid by heart failure? Diuril is helping thousands of heart failure patients out of their beds and back to enjoyable living—within the limitations, of course, set down by their physicians.

Patients who already have received prescriptions for chlorothiazide—the chemical name for Diuril—or who will in the future, should remember: 1) Follow your doctor's orders to the letter. 2) Do not believe that if you double the dose you'll get results twice as fast; drugs simply do not follow that rule. 3) As with any drug, an overdose may have serious results, and dosage schedules may vary from individual to individual. The doctor is the best judge of dosage for a particular patient.

Remember, too, that this therapy is prescribed often for life-or-death conditions. Therefore, it cannot be taken lightly either by patient or physician.

Say Dr. Ford and his associates: "Since economy and ease of administration of drugs play such an important part in the final choice of a diuretic agent, the most potent, orally active drug will probably be the one most commonly selected. At present, this drug is chlorothiazide."

IN TOXEMIA, the pregnancy ailment, the exact cause is unknown. However, doctors do know that when a woman gains a good deal of weight in the final three months, dangerous fluids may accumulate. Removal of the fluids becomes a must. In this disease state, Diuril is also coming into wide use.

In a sense, Diuril carries on a family tradition of miracle drugs. It is related chemically to the sulfa drugs, one of the first wonder drugs.

Diamox, another diuretic and a sulfa derivative, represented a forward step in the improvement of diuretics. And now comes Diuril, still another sulfa derivative, which is hailed as the best diuretic so far produced.

As yet, the experts are a little at sea as to exactly how Diuril works in the body. But it is known that it prevents reabsorption of sodium and chloride in kidney tubules. Thus, it increases excretion of these elements and lowers the body sodium chloride (salt) levels. In high blood pressure, this in itself may be responsible for the beneficial effects.

In addition, the drug does not seem to accumulate in any specific part of the body and thus influence fluid production in a single body site.

Because diuresis takes place through increased urination, a diuretic's effect on the kidney—if any—is extremely important. Studies show that Diuril does not alter the normal kidney blood flow or normal physical operation of the kidneys. In short, no harmful effects to the kidney have been observed by doctors.

Since at least a dozen serious conditions are characterized by excessive fluid retention in the body, doctors are striking out into new areas with Diuril. Here are the conditions for which it has shown promise: pre-menstrual tension, fluid retention caused by such drugs as ACTH or steroids such as cortisone, certain types of liver disease, some kidney disorders, and some cases of obesity in which overproduction of fluids is a complicating factor.

One of the things that appeals to doctors concerning Diuril is the ease of administration. Dosage is simple and straightforward. Adults usually require one or two 0.5 gram tablets once or twice a day. If the total daily dose is more than 1 gram, it is usually given in two divided doses at six- to 12-hour intervals. Diuril's effect is complete within six to 12 hours so daytime diuresis can be complete—permitting the patient a full night of uninterrupted sleep.

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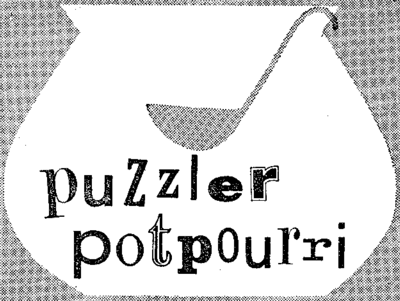


puzzler potpourri

A CORONET QUICK QUIZ

Spice and variety of ingredients produce the best recipe in a quiz cuisine, says Guest Quizmaster Howard Miller, who ladled up this batch of brainbusters. Disk jockey Miller poses questions daily on his interview show (CBS Radio, 11:45 to noon, EDST) and is often surprised by the answers. For these surprising answers, turn to pg. 135.

1. Principal speaker when the battlefield of Gettysburg was dedicated was:
   (a) Edward Everett **(b) Abraham Lincoln** **(c) Stephen A. Douglas**
2. The term "ss" on a doctor's prescription means:
   (a) before meals **(b) one-half** **(c) slowly stir**
3. About how many $2 bills are still in circulation in the U.S.?
   (a) none **(b) over 35 million** **(c) under 10,000**
4. How far apart are the highest and lowest points in the U.S.?
   (a) 85 miles **(b) 372 miles** **(c) 3,478 miles**
5. Which of the following is not a precious stone?
   (a) ruby **(b) sapphire** **(c) jade**
6. A harmattan, khamsin and simoom are:
   (a) foreign money **(b) windstorms** **(c) titles for Asiatic women**
7. Equus caballus x asinus is another name for:
   (a) the imaginary equator line **(b) a mule** **(c) the Mexican jumping bean**
8. Sound passes faster through brick than it does through:
   (a) granite **(b) water** **(c) glass**
9. A $5 bill has a portrait of Lincoln on its face. On the other side is:
   (a) Lincoln Memorial **(b) White House** **(c) Great Seal of the U.S.**
10. Panama hats are manufactured in:
    (a) Panama **(b) Ecuador** **(c) Peru**
11. The U.S. spends more annually on this import:
    (a) coffee **(b) diamonds** **(c) crude rubber**
12. The Mormon faith was founded by:
    (a) Sidney Rigdon **(b) Joseph Smith** **(c) Brigham Young**
13. Nitrous oxide (N_2O) would make you:
    (a) laugh **(b) cry** **(c) talk freely**
14. The orchid furnishes us with:
    (a) thyme **(b) vanilla** **(c) tannic acid**
15. Would you be richer if you were a billionaire in:
    (a) England **(b) the United States**
16. Which language is spoken by the most people in the world?
    (a) English **(b) Mandarin** **(c) Spanish**
17. A "hairsbreadth," sometimes given a specific measurement, is:
    (a) 1/100 inch **(b) 1/32 inch** **(c) 1/48 inch**
18. Snakes propel themselves by means of their:
    (a) feet **(b) ribs** **(c) tail**

America's worst highway robbers

by Al Toffler

By jacking up tow charges, padding bills and using bogus "new" parts, cutthroat repairmen are fleecing motorists of millions of dollars a year. Here's the inside story of the racket—and a possible solution

THE MOTORIST—call him Richard Herron—heard the tinkle of glass, felt a nerve-jangling metallic crunch. His car rose jerkily under him, then settled with a crash.

Through the windshield Herron glimpsed the car that had whipped crazily past him on the turn. He realized, gratefully, that he was still in one piece.

Thus began one of the 9,000,000 non-injury accident cases that clog the files of police departments, insurance companies and auto repair shops every year. These are the accidents in which nobody is physically hurt, but in which property damage is sustained.

Every day nearly 25,000 drivers like Dick Herron climb out of their collision-injured cars. A cop and tow truck appear. And though the accident victims don't know it yet, they may be in for an extended ordeal in a vicious jungle of this car-crowded world.

Auto repair is one of the last bastions of fiercely competitive, no-holds-barred, free enterprise. Anyone with a set of socket wrenches, a two-by-four back yard and a jarful of nuts and bolts can hang out a shingle. These shops repair from $700,000,000 to $1,700,000,000 worth of crack-up damage a year.

The great majority of repairmen, insurance companies, tow truck drivers, service station operators and police officers who service this juicy plum are, of course, fundamentally honest. But rotten apples in all these categories are costing honest accident victims millions of wasted dollars and immeasurable aggravation annually. Payoffs, padded bills and petty cheating abound.

Says one top officer of an insurance association: "This condition exists in varying degrees of acuteness throughout the whole United States. New York is terrible. Chicago is worse. Philadelphia is every bit as bad. Even in sparsely settled areas like New Mexico and Arizona a lot of transient tourists are 'taken,' literally coming and going."

Small communities, however, are apparently less likely to prove traps for the unwary motorist because repair shops there must depend on repeat business from the community. It is bad on main arteries though, and wherever there is much transient traffic.

An important insurance executive recently estimated privately that 25 to 40 percent of all the money paid out by insurance companies for repair work is "water"—paid for purposes uncovered by policies; or paid for bills jacked up to hide bribes, secret commissions and other payoffs. This is an astonishing total of perhaps $250,000,000 a year.

Responsible men in all branches of the industry are alarmed about this fact, and would like something done about it. Because they think public awareness may help, some of them will say things off the record that they would be unwilling to admit in a courtroom. For this reason, all names here have been changed. The words spoken, however, are accurate.

Chet Vorhies, for example, runs a big shop in New York City. Every year his men repair body damage on from 1,500 to 2,000 cars. Chet admits frankly that he pays "a minimum of $10,000 to $15,000" a year in "commissions" to unscrupulous insurance brokers who refer unsuspecting accident victims to his shop for repair work.

"I have to," Chet insists. "We need their jobs. Some shops go around soliciting business from brokers. The broker gets 5 to 10 percent of the total job, mostly 10 percent. The car owner or the insurance company winds up paying for it in the long run."

Insurance brokers are not the only ones who may get a cut.

"A tow outfit," one repairman in a big Eastern city says, "can't operate unless it 'takes care' of the police. Sometimes there are three tow trucks on the spot as soon as there's an accident.

"They listen in on the police radio. Or else the cop himself calls a favored repair shop. Whoever pays gets the car. The amount varies from $10 to $50, depending upon location, extent of damage to the car and other factors. It's a cutthroat business."

Others who may collect a fee or percentage for referring work to a body shop are service station attendants and tow truck drivers. In cities where there are tow truck companies not connected with any single repair garage, cases are known in which a tow driver has hauled a wreck from shop to shop peddling the mangled hulk to the highest bidder.

Bear in mind that neither the car owner nor the insurance company gets a nickel's worth of value for the money paid out in this fashion. Instead, one or both must subsequently be cheated to cover the cost of these kickbacks. This kind of payoff, however, is only one of the practices plaguing the industry.

LET'S RETURN to Dick Herron, standing outside his smashed car, knees quivering and brain whirling from the close call. A tow truck appears. Its driver hands Dick a form to sign.

Knowing that his car is blocking traffic, Dick is glad the tow truck arrived so soon. He does not take time to read the form he is asked to sign. Even if he does, he is probably so upset that he will not recall tomorrow what he authorized today.

What he does not know is that this form, used in many communities, not only permits the tow operator to haul his car away, but it may authorize the recipient garage to tear his car apart. It may also provide that Dick cannot send anyone to pick up his car later on, but must show up in person.

The object of this is to get Dick into the garage. The reason for this is simple—the repairman doesn't want to lose the work. He may already have a sizable "investment" in Herron's car, such as a possible bribe to a policeman or other "referral service," plus the normal cost of overhead and labor in towing the wreck, plus a possible kickback to the tow driver, plus the time involved in dismantling Dick's car.

Thus, when Herron arrives on the scene he is likely to find his car spread out on the floor of the garage in a thousand very separate pieces—in no shape to be moved.

Ed Crossler, owner of a small shop in a metropolitan suburb, describes it this way: "I try to promote a sale. I use all my wits. There's no maybe about it, I'm gonna try to keep that car in my shop. I figure I've got pretty near 40 to 50 bucks in it."

Lou Price, operator of a ten-car shop, admits: "We'll offer the customer anything and everything just to leave the car in. No. 1, we offer to cover the deductible amount which he is supposed to pay before his insurance company shells out anything toward his repairs. We do this by padding the estimate we send the insurance company, or by shortening up on the work we actually do on the car.

"No. 2, we offer to take care of slight damages that had nothing to do with the collision. No. 3, a polish job for sure; and 4, maybe a set of seat covers."

Then there is the not-too-unusual car owner who looks upon his accident as opening a bright new world of opportunity. He not only expects but literally demands that the repairman "bury his deductible" and do extra work not covered by the insurance policy. He figures the insurance company will get stuck for it. Actually, the ones who suffer are the innocent premium payers whose rates go up accordingly.

But sometimes these unscrupulous car owners outsmart themselves. For the repairman who is unable or unwilling to trick the insurance company into paying an inflated bill on their behalf may agree to their terms but "shorten up on the work." Thus rechromed bumpers are put on where new ones should go. "Dumdum," a cheap putty-like material is used to cover up poor work. Parts are salvaged from the local junk yard and installed as "new."

Once a deal has been set between car owner and repairman, a war of wits ensues between the repairer and the insurance company adjuster. The shop owner has to either bribe or fool the adjuster. Either way the honest motorist is cheated on the quality of the repair work, or his insurance rates eventually increase.

For its part, the insurance company fights back an eye for an eye. Repairmen complain bitterly that insurance companies squeeze them too hard by not allowing adequate hourly rates for work done. They say that the "book" time granted them for work by many firms covers installation, but not removal of parts. They say also that it is premised on work with a brand new, clean auto, not a mud-covered, undercoated wreck whose nuts and bolts may be frozen with rust.

Either the shop or the insurance company is in a position to put pressure on Dick Herron, for example, who, perhaps, needs his car for work. If Dick protests to his insurance company, unless it is among those firms that pay all claims fairly and promptly, he may have his payment held up for as long as six months for "processing." On the other hand, the repairman who doesn't like Dick's attitude may suddenly find it "impossible to get parts."

Out of all this backbiting, cheating, bribery and free-loading come several encouraging signs, however. As one repairman says, "I feel I've got to cheat to live. But it's a lot easier to run an honest business than a dishonest one. It would help, for one thing, if the public knew what conditions are. It could protect itself better and help clean up the mess."

Concerned leaders in the industry are currently exploring a variety of proposed solutions. Some are being tried out and show signs of success.

Thus the organization of repair shop owners into associations would help to standardize the industry and help ethical businessmen police their own industry through enforcement of a code of ethics. Body repairmen, unlike businessmen in most modern industries, are only spottily organized. But new associations are developing on a local and regional basis. Meanwhile, towers, anxious to end cutthroat tactics, are talking about a zone plan used in Yonkers, New York, to eliminate what they call "the chase."

Insurance companies, for their part, are introducing the so-called independent appraisal plan widely used in England. Under this setup insurance firms rely on an independent organization to develop their damage estimates rather than on their own staffs of adjusters.

Perhaps the most imaginative proposal, however, comes from a 38-

year-old New Yorker who has spent 18 of those years in both the repair and insurance business. Ed Dunn runs the Hamilton Appraisal Service and is business manager of the Auto Body Repair Association of New York. He preaches the value of standardizing the repair industry.

But for the motorist, Dunn thinks the answer lies in something that does not now exist: a free-swinging champion of the car owner, a public adjuster with technical knowledge of both repair and insurance, and who is on nobody's payroll but the car owner's alone.

"In fire insurance," Ed says, "the victim of a fire loss can get a public adjuster not only to appraise the damage for him but to represent him in any action with or against the insurance company or the repair contractor. The states ought to license such men after giving them examinations to check their competence in estimating damage and understanding insurance."

In the meantime, the average honest car owner can fall back on a few simple stop-gap rules.

1) Avoid the accident, of course.

2) Don't block traffic. If possible, get your car off the road so that you do not need to be towed immediately by the first tow wagon that comes along. This way you can, if you wish, pick the shop you want to do the work.

3) Don't sign anything giving the tower the right to do anything but tow.

4) Don't sign any contract for repair work for at least 24 hours after the collision.

5) Don't go to strangers when you're looking for "a good repair shop."

6) Don't buy auto insurance until you have made a systematic check with friends, state insurance authorities and the Better Business Bureau to determine if the company you have in mind has a good record for payment of claims.

7) Read your policy and know what's in it.

All Too True

IT SEEMS STRANGE that a man will propose to a girl under a light he wouldn't think of choosing a suit by.

—MAXWELL DROKE, *The Speakers Handbook of Humor* (*Harper & Brothers*)

IN THE BUSINESS WORLD an executive knows something about everything, a technician knows everything about something and the switchboard operator knows everything.

—HAROLD COFFIN (*Wall Street Journal*)

THE ONE THING most executives can do better than anybody is read their own writing. —*General Features Corp.*

WITH SO MUCH of one's salary taxed to balance the budget, most people have trouble budgeting the balance.

—*Graham, Texas, Rotarian*

Why give him a bed of roses, when his idea of Paradise is a nice soft rock embroidered with thorns?

Don't pamper the kid camper

by ROBERT PAUL SMITH

author of " 'Where Did You Go?' 'Out.' 'What Did You Do?' 'Nothing.' "

IT'S AS THOUGH the Pied Piper had been through my town. There isn't a kid in sight, or (which is perhaps more important) within earshot. The children's matinee with 11 cartoons on Saturday afternoons is playing to empty seats, and the Good Humor man tinkles his way around town with panic on his face.

Where are the children?

They're away at camp. Because, you see, all we have in our town in the summer is a river, some woods, a baseball field, a dozen tennis courts, a basketball court, back yards, sprinklers, bicycles, swings, three ice-cream parlors and one movie house.

My kids are gone, too, and the cat is puzzled. Every night she lopes into the living room as she always does, to see if all those warm, moving things she rubs up against are present and accounted for. She stops short. There are two nuzzles missing.

Before my kids left, I went to the store to buy a portable radio for them to take with them.

"I want the cheapest battery portable you have," I told the clerk.

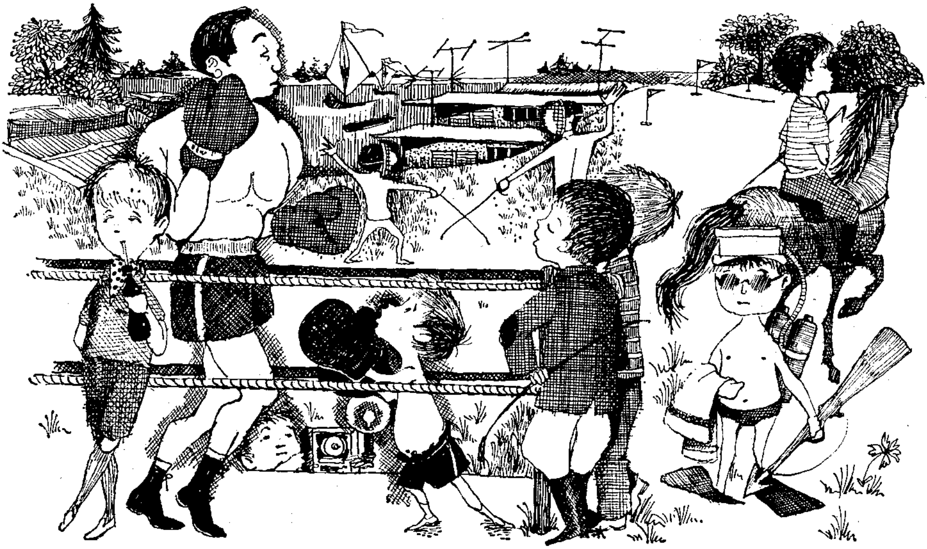
"Here's one that is transistorized, short-wave, hi-fi and works on AC and DC as well as batteries," he said—and named a price which made me ill.

"No point in all that jazz," I said, "just a battery set. There'll be no place to plug it in."

"Why, all the bunks in camps have electricity now," he said.

"Not where my kids are going," I said, and eventually, in another store, I got a plain battery portable.

But my name is ruined in this town. I'm the man who sends his



Camp recreation programs are so big they bust their own britches

kids to a camp that has no electricity in the bunks.

In my town, if a kid can walk and drink from a cup, he goes to camp. And I have discovered that the man in the store is right. They do have electricity in their bunks. They also have flush toilets, washbasins, Ping-pong tables, and, in some of them, an intercom system.

They have regulation baseball diamonds (many with grandstands), and some of them are equipped with floodlights for night games. They have tennis courts and regulation basketball courts. A number of them have football fields (to date, none with stadiums, but give them time). They have squash courts, four-wall handball courts and running tracks.

They have auditoriums, with stages complete with curtains, lighting equipment and movie projection machines. No kid has as yet reported that they have CinemaScope and VistaVision. But we live in a more or less distressed area in our town, and some of the richer kids have been instructed not to talk to us because we own only one television set, and that one not even color. And these kids' parents are trying to keep the uglier side of life from their children until they are old enough to bear it.

These kids go off to camp with glass fishing rods, jewelled spinning reels and handwoven creels. Their tennis rackets have a full complement of unbroken strings. Some of them take along golf bags full of matched clubs (whether the camps have 18-hole courses or they are forced to go to the nearest country club, I am not in a position to say), and they have riding breeches and boned boots.

They have amazing people at these camps, too. I will not use real names, because I may by accident be accurate, but it would be the equivalent of, when I was a boy, having Rabbit Maranville to coach baseball, Bill Tilden to straighten out my backhand, Johnny Weissmuller to give me a few tips on the flutter kick, and Rouben Mamoulian to direct the inevitable production of *Captain Applejack.*

The kids are not talking it up big. These camps really hire big leaguers —and advertise same.

It goes, I am afraid, without saying, that if you have electricity in your bunk, it only figures to bring along a portable television set. I got a little frightened at this point. Because it will be, I am sure, only a matter of time until some kid reports that his flush-toileted, Ping-pong-tabled, electric-lighted, intercommed cabin has room service, too.

My kids don't go to a camp like this. They go to a kind of a camp—well, you can't really call it a camp —well, what it really is is a . . .

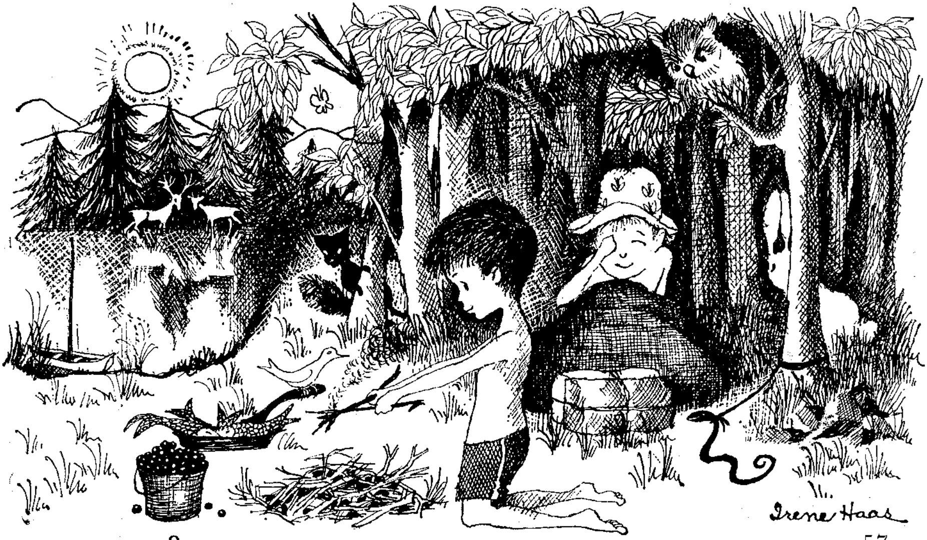
There's a farmhouse, and there are two cabins, and they do not have electricity or running water or a telephone.

The water comes from a pump, and my underprivileged kids do not have a baseball diamond or a basketball court or a lacrosse field (regulation). And racing-car driver Ralph De Palma is not up there to teach them how to corner their Alfa Romeos.

All these poor kids have is a lake (full of fish and frogs and crawfish and mud and weeds), a woods (full of newts and toads and woodchucks and rabbits and chipmunks and an occasional deer), a dirt road with an RFD box, and a man and his wife who run the camp who have nervous systems constructed of maple syrup.

The kids take a sleeping bag with them and put it on a surplus Army

The sleep-on-the-ground stuff is what gives 'em new perspective



cot. They zip themselves in at night and unzip themselves in the morning. And when they want to go to sleep under the stars they drag their sleeping bag wherever they want to, and live intimately with certain stars, night noises and morning dew.

They catch snakes and rabbits, set and wait on tables, put up lean-tos, chop firewood and tell lies about girls.

The principle is simple. I have always been appalled at camp ads that promise all the comforts of home. When I leave home, I want all the comforts of away.

That's what my kids want, too, and that's what they get.

Now then, what my kids get at this place, which for want of a better term we will call a camp, is a change: they enjoy the luxuries of a leaky roof, an outhouse, a creaky pump, acres of mud, flocks of mosquitoes, sneakers with untied laces, moccasins ditto, really good and comfortably dirty clothes (inner and outer), a total lack of preachments, advice and sentences starting with, "How many times must I tell you?" "I never thought that you, of all people, would. . . ."

You see, when my kids come home from camp, they're going to go quietly mad about a toilet that flushes, a tap that gives out hot water, electric lights and a television set. They are, that is, after we find a place for the rooster, the snake, the baby lamb and the collection of really nitsy stones they have advised me they are already in possession of.

The only way those other kids are going to know *they're* home is that their home badminton court is not regulation, and the way their father told them to swing the bat is not the way Mickey Mantle says. Not at all.

Batter Up

DURING WORLD WAR II, the U. S. Government frowned on any mention of the weather during radio broadcasts. One day Dizzy Dean was reporting a Cardinal game in the St. Louis ball park when a heavy downpour interrupted the proceedings. Dizzy paused for a moment and then informed his radio audience:

"The game's being held up and I ain't allowed to tell you why, but if you'll stick your heads out of the windows you'll find out for yourselves."

—*Pic Mag*

CHARLIE GRIMM, former manager of the Chicago Cubs, was always good for a laugh, even when his team was in the cellar. Once, when the Cubs had been in a long losing streak, one of Grimm's scouts phoned excitedly from the hinterlands. "Charlie," he shouted, "I've just seen the greatest pitcher in the country. He pitched a perfect game; 27 strike-outs in a row. No one could even hit a foul off of him until there were two out in the ninth. I've got the pitcher here with me now. What should I do?"

Without a second's hesitation Grimm replied, "Sign the guy who got the foul. We need hitters."

—JOHN DOBINA

Like teenagers, married women can have infatuations—but with more perilous consequences. Here is a searching analysis of the "how" and "why" behind this strange behavior

WIVES and the "MIDDLE-AGE CRUSH"

by John Kord Lagemann

"TOMORROW—" Jack whispered as they finished the dance. And he gave Ruth a parting hug that made her feel warm all over.

She was glad nobody was looking at her just then, though it didn't seem to matter much. Jack's wife had wandered off with another guest; and her own husband was out in the kitchen, having a nightcap with somebody else's wife. For them it was just another Saturday night get-together of the same married crowd.

Next morning, Ruth met Jack at the appointed place. After their first clandestine meeting, she had sworn she'd never see him again. But it had gone on like this for the last three months. Ruth's husband had become suspicious, her children unruly, her friends evasive, and her own life a nightmare of remorse.

But her behavior was anything but surprising to the marriage counselor who heard her story. For it figured as an issue in a majority of the troubles that disturbed the husbands and wives who came to his office daily.

A few years ago, the Kinsey survey indicated that one out of four wives strayed at least once before age 45. Kinsey believed this was probably an understatement, as many wives hesitate to admit infidelity, even for science. More recent surveys have put the infidelity ratio at one in three wives, and most marriage experts think this figure is conservative.

Formerly, marriages were held together by force of convention. Wives weren't supposed to get much pleasure out of marital relations, and many of them did not. This made marriage less rewarding but more stable. As long as a wife submitted to her husband's demands, and made none of her own, there was no question of sexual compatibility.

Today, men and women work, play and talk together on terms of near equality. A lot of them drink together, too, and alcohol is a solvent of inhibitions. The automobile has given them mobility and privacy, and one more barrier fell when the availability of contraceptives removed one of the greatest hazards of adultery.

What, then, can be done to safeguard marriage from the unhappiness that so often results when the wife makes even a single slip? Instead of moralizing, psychiatrists think we'd get much further by finding out the satisfactions which so many women misguidedly seek in adultery—and incorporating them in marriage itself.

With many men, the feeling of manhood is based to a large extent on their sexual competence. When husbands stray, as about 50 percent of them eventually do, they are seeking reassurance of their masculinity.

Sex for the normal woman is not sought as an end in itself, but as a way of being important to a man. In the final analysis, that is the only way a woman can feel important to herself. While a man gains self-esteem from what he *does,* a woman must find her identity in what she *is,* and in marriage that means judging herself mainly by what she means to her husband.

The normal woman is rarely impelled to infidelity merely by physical desire. The driving force is the desire to *be* somebody, by meaning more to another man than she apparently means to her husband.

This difference in the nature of male and female sex goals is reflected in the difference between male and female jealousy. A wife can usually forgive her husband for a purely sexual adventure as long as he doesn't take the other woman seriously as a person.

A husband, on the other hand, usually doesn't resent the pleasure his wife gets from exchanging ideas with a man more brainy or talented than himself, but he's likely to be furious if they exchange so much as a kiss.

Few wives stray during the first years of marriage. The reason is fairly obvious: their husbands make them feel important. Sometimes because of inexperience on both sides, marital relations may bring the young wife far less purely physical satisfaction than she will find later on in marriage.

But this matters little so long as her husband convinces her through constant attentions that she matters to him as a person. This is all the easier for him to do because of the novelty of the relationship.

The incidence of male infidelity takes a sudden spurt during the child-bearing years, while the young mother is engrossed by the purely reproductive functions of her female sexuality. Even though her husband's attentions may be less ardent now, the young mother's importance to her small children is enough to bolster her feminine self-esteem, guard her against temptation, and lessen her opportunities.

The problem of "being somebody" becomes most acute for a woman after the first nine or ten years of marriage. Her children are in school and becoming more independent. Her husband is giving more time and energy to his job, and taking her more for granted.

The average wife enters this danger period in her early 30s—at precisely the point when Kinsey discovered that most women begin to realize their full potentiality for sexual response. Though fully aware by now of whatever physical charms she possesses, she also realizes that time isn't standing still and she isn't getting any younger. After all these years of thinking of everybody else's needs, she finally has the leisure to think about her own. She begins to wonder, perhaps subconsciously, "Now that my husband and children don't need me so much anymore, how do I get somebody to pay attention to *me*?"

Dr. Talcott Parsons, the eminent Harvard sociologist, mentions three roles which are open to the modern American wife. By roles he means *ways of being somebody.*

ROLE ONE is the *Homebody* who identifies with her skill in cooking, housekeeping and bringing up children. These are praiseworthy interests. But the Homebody cuts precious little ice these days, either at home or in the world at large.

Her husband likes to take it for granted that his children are well brought up and he likes to eat well no matter who does the cooking. But he finds it irksome to have to remember to praise the little woman's pie crust; and at parties people just can't seem to get excited about swapping recipes or bright sayings of children.

Intheory, the second or *Good Companion,* role offers the reward of pleasant, uncomplicated friendship with members of both sexes.

But in actual practice, things seldom work out so simply. Apart from one or two women who swap confidences with her, the housewife finds it hard to form close and interesting friendships.

Theoretically, she ought to be able to enjoy the companionship of men other than her husband; but if she tried, very few people would believe that she was just a chum.

That leaves only the third alternative—the *Married Glamor Girl*—a role more and more wives choose.

Glamor is simply an improvement on nature's way of exciting sexual desire and inviting pursuit. No one questions its social usefulness in stirring up the mating instincts in reluctant males and arousing their honorable intentions.

But glamor in a wife and mother is something new in American society.

Until fairly recently, observes Dr. Parsons, "there tended to be a very rigid distinction between respectable married women and those who were 'no better than they should be.' The rigidity of this line has progressively broken down through the infiltration into the respectable sphere of . . . a specifically feminine form of attractiveness which on occasion involves directly sexual patterns of appeal."

One of the happy results of this infiltration of glamor into married life is the steady decline of prostitution in this country. There is no doubt that marital relations have improved enormously and that in learning to get more satisfaction from sex today's wives have also learned to give more.

The decline of prostitution indicates that husbands actually feel less need to stray; but when they do stray, they are more likely to pick another man's wife; and regardless of their own age, they show a decided preference for those of middle-age. These women have more freedom, are not so easily upset by guilt feelings, and have a better knowledge of sexual techniques.

Merely to say that one wife in three is unfaithful before the age of 45 makes the situation sound worse than it is. As one marriage counselor puts it, "All of us are created equal—but some are more equal than others." By this he means that while it is always wrong to be unfaithful, there are many kinds and degrees of feminine infidelity.

Husbands and wives who want to be on guard against any such eventuality would do well to review these five categories which cover the entire range:

(1) *Impulsive Infidelity.* This is usually committed on the spur of the moment when a romantic opportunity unexpectedly presents itself and the woman can't think of a ready answer to the question, "Why not?"

The largest proportion of unfaithful wives falls into this category. About 41 percent of Kinsey's sample had only one lover, and many of these had relations only once with him. Another 40 percent had less than five lovers—and again, many of these had physical relations only once with each at widely separated intervals.

The only way to guard against impulsive infidelity is for husband and wife to face in advance the possibility that it can happen to any attractive woman. Once an impulsive act is anticipated, it isn't impulsive any more.

(2) *Retributive Infidelity.* The wife in this category is unfaithful to get even with her husband for infidelity on his part. Love has nothing to do with her choice of an extramarital partner. The more disreputable he is, the more his intimacy serves to shame her husband.

There is nothing secretive about this type of infidelity. Usually it is flaunted to make the point.

A husband can guard against it by remaining faithful himself.

(3) *Group Infidelity.* In the old days, when married males set out to have a fling, it never occurred to them to take their wives along. Today, many married couples habitually get together to have fun in their homes, at the golf or country club, or a favorite neighborhood tavern, drawn together by similarity of age, profession, economic status and social background.

A few are fairly sedate, with a shared interest in music or art. But for the most part, their idea of a good time consists of dancing, drinking and generally cutting up.

It is a rule of the game that every wife is paired off with somebody else's husband. The flirtations available to them under these circumstances are a strictly fifty-fifty proposition with the goose and the gander necessarily partaking of the same sauce.

In the "faster crowds," the sauce gets pretty spicy. The music and dancing is sexually stimulating, and assorted couples wander off at odd times to neck in various parts of the house or out on the lawn or in parked cars. There's the protective feeling that it's all in the crowd. But although nobody gives it a name, it's really a form of wife-swapping.

Oftentimes, married couples, moving to the new suburban communities which have sprung up all over the country, join one of these crowds merely to have a little social life. They soon discover that if they want to belong they have to swallow many of their qualms about the inviolability of marriage.

The only way to protect yourself against group infidelity is to stay out of the group.

(4) *The Extra-Marital Love Affair.* This is the hardest kind of infidelity to deal with because both of the "guilty" parties take it very seriously. They are "in love" and their relationship is not a thing of the moment. While this kind of infidelity occurs frequently in novels, it is surprisingly uncommon in real life. When it does occur, the result is usually a divorce.

The only way a husband can avoid such a disaster is to devote himself full-time to being a real husband.

(5) *Promiscuity.* This is not infidelity in a true sense, but the symptom of a serious emotional disturbance which makes it impossible for a woman to form an abiding relationship with anyone. The promiscuous woman, married or unmarried, is simply a body in search of a soul—and psychiatry, not sex, is her only hope of finding herself.

"This type of woman combines total sexual unresponsiveness with a profound incapacity for giving genuine love or affection," says psychiatrist Dr. John Oliven. "What appears like sexual desire corresponds to the emotion of a child anticipating an exciting present."

It is a mistake for a promiscuous woman to get married in the first place, but once the mistake has been made, her irrational and unmotivated infidelities can only be interpreted as cries for help. The man who chooses a promiscuous woman usually needs psychiatric treatment, too.

For women, infidelity takes many beguiling forms. But the one feature that makes them all so tempting is novelty. Ironically, most wives who stray are looking for satisfactions that can be found with their husbands—provided both husbands and wives take each other less for granted and play a little at being strangers.

This isn't as hard as it sounds. For the knowledge that a man and woman gain from marriage is something like the knowledge gained in science: the more you know, the more you know you don't know.

IN AUGUST CORONET

HOW YOU LOOK TO YOUR CHILD

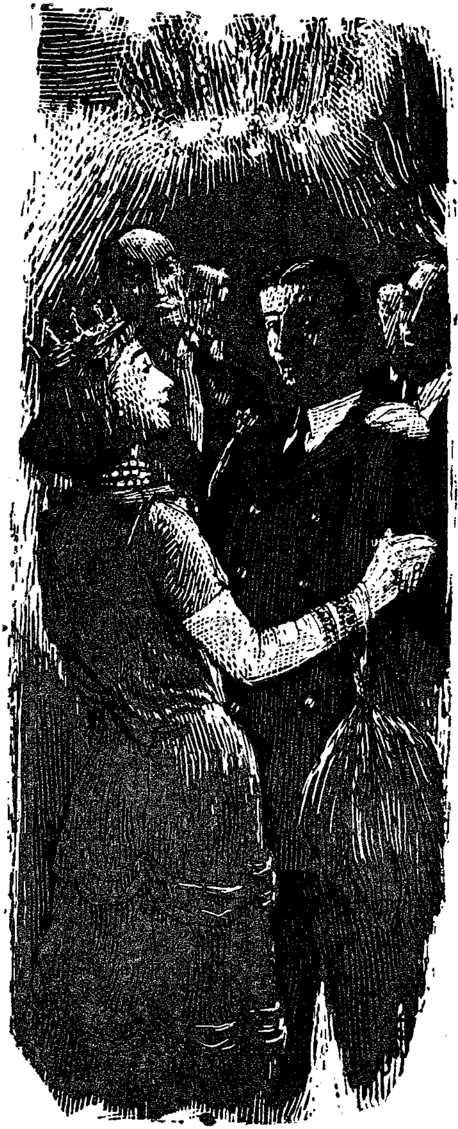
You are the most powerful force in your child's life. But do you know how you really appear to him? An incisive article reveals the psychological facts all parents should know.

WHEN A WOMAN RAN THE U.S.

To shield her ailing husband, a determined woman became in deed the Acting President of our nation. A fascinating story tells how for over a year she ruled by whim and intuition.

It was a stuffy palace party—until the Americans blasted protocol and made the hostess belle of her own ball

the Queen



On a July day in 1921, five battleships manned by midshipmen of the United States Naval Academy on their summer cruise dropped anchor in the harbor of Oslo. The Norwegian capital was the first port we had touched after 18 days of scrubbing decks, passing coal and constant gun drills. It was a welcome sight. And even more welcome was the news that King Haakon VII and Queen Maud were giving a dance for us in the royal palace.

Those selected to go received full instructions from the Admiral: we were to consider ourselves official emissaries of the United States Government. We were to conduct ourselves as midshipmen and gentlemen. And, above all, no one was to leave the dance until the King and Queen had withdrawn, for there is no greater diplomatic sin than leaving before royalty.

Queen Maud Charlotte Mary Victoria was the daughter of King Edward VII of England. She could speak English. The party might be stuffy, but what names to drop to the folks at home!

As soon as we entered the palace ballroom our pulses jumped to double time. The Norwegian girls gathered there to be our partners were beauties indeed.

The music started. The Queen stepped onto the dance floor with one of the resplendent members of the foreign diplomatic corps. They

and the stag line

by H. Lawrence Holcomb

had covered some 15 feet when a red-headed midshipman tapped Queen Maud's partner politely on the shoulder and asked, “May I cut in?”

The diplomat glared at him, uncertain. There was no protocol for this.

Red was firm. “May I cut in?” he repeated.

The Queen graciously swung round to Red and they danced away from a very chagrined ambassador.

In one circuit of the room, at least 16 midshipmen cut in on the Queen. They knew how to give a girl a good time. And wasn't she the hostess?

Consternation reigned on the sidelines as members of the diplomatic corps hastily conferred. Such a crisis had never arisen before. A Queen cut in on! Barbarous! How gauche could Americans be?

When the music stopped, the Admiral motioned the ranking midshipmen to him. “For God's sake, when you dance with the Queen, dance through to the end. Pass the word—no more cutting in.”

Never did atmosphere change faster. The music started and dancing couples formally circled the room—the Queen held stiffly by a huge, gray-bearded man, a satin ribbon draped diagonally across his shirt bosom. Finally the dance ended and he returned the Queen to her seat.

In a matter of moments, a Norwegian naval attaché brought a message to the Admiral that Her Majesty, Queen Maud, wished to speak to him.

“I was having so much pleasure, Admiral,” she told him, and her words came from the heart. “It was so different and so nice having all those young men eagerly dancing with me. If you perhaps could hint to them that I enjoyed it . . . that it was great fun their cutting in. . . .”

So the word went out. “Everyone cut in. Orders from the Admiral. Cut in on the Queen. Expedite!”

At 2:30, the Queen was still gaily swinging around the room with one midshipman after another. The diplomatic corps had long since given up and was standing by in gloomy knots. Tired midshipmen began surreptitiously checking the time, for some of us were due to go on watch at four. We wondered if we still could make it.

Red turned to a distinguished-looking Norwegian who had been chatting with us and whispered, “I wish to heavens the Queen would go home to bed so we could leave.”

Came the answer, obviously from the depth of the Norwegian's soul, “So do I!”

He smiled and walked away, and Red asked a passing waiter, “Who was that?”

The man glanced at the departing figure. “That, sir—” there was pride in his voice “—is His Majesty, the King.”

by Lester and Irene David

for husbands:
31 HOUSEHOLD HINTS

The time has come to give men *some tips on how to make their housework easier. For scientific studies prove that more males are doing more housework these days than ever before in history. Their chores include such diversified activities as baby care, kitchen work (including cooking), housecleaning and various types of do-it-yourself. Dr. George Gallup, announcing results of a country-wide poll showing a major trend toward housework by husbands (62 percent regularly engaged), commented: "Father leads a double life. He not only wears the pants . . . but an apron, too. And, likely as not, he has dishpan hands." It follows, therefore, that he can use some work-easing tips. And here is a collection of little gems—contributed by women, of course—gathered from all over the country by a unique organization known as Homemakers Forum.*

COOKING HINTS

To show your wife you can whomp up a better mess of fried potatoes than she can, sprinkle the spuds lightly with flour before frying.

Make the lightest, fluffiest omelet ever by beating the whites and yolks of the eggs separately. Mix them together just before pouring into the skillet. The large amount of air that gets into the mixture does the trick.

For something really extra in cook-outs this summer, wrap frankfurters individually in foil with two tablespoons of barbecue sauce. Heat on hot coals for ten minutes.

If you're assigned to help get the children's breakfast, try thinning the peanut butter with orange juice. Makes the stuff easier to spread and gives it a tangy taste.

Ever get detailed to prepare the vegetables or noodles while wife is bathing baby, then goof up by forgetting the job and letting the water boil over? Avoid this, and glares from your wife, by coating the rim of the pot with butter.

PAINTING & PLUMBING TIPS

When you're painting a ceiling, cut a small rubber ball in two. Make a slit in one half and insert the brush handle, cup side up. This will catch the dripping paint and end the problem of getting your hands, hair and clothing messy.

To keep paint off hinges or other hardware, coat same lightly with petroleum jelly. Paint that gets on will wipe off easily with the jelly after the rest of the paint has dried.

A perennial problem is screen painting—the paint sticks to the wire. Solve it by washing the screens first with a solution of ammonia. After this, the paint won't cling.

To keep paint from peeling off concrete floors, porches or steps, apply a coat of vinegar before beginning the job.

If your wife routs you out of bed to fix a leaky faucet, be smart. Tie a strip of cotton cloth to the faucet, long enough to reach the sink bottom. The water will trickle noiselessly down the cloth. And you can fix it next day.

KITCHEN ODD-JOBS

Knives rusty? Stick a blade into an onion and leave it there a half hour. Then wash and polish it. The rust will come off easily.

If you run out of steel-wool pads, come to the rescue by crushing up a wad of aluminum foil. Works fine on chrome fixtures and greasy pans.

If your wife has trouble starting a new bottle of ketchup, be a hero by sticking a soda straw into it. The air that gets into the bottom of the bottle helps make the ketchup flow.

Stuck with the job of cleaning a grease-encrusted oven? Put a small bowl containing household ammonia inside the oven, close the door tightly and leave it overnight. Next day, the grease and grime will come off a lot more easily.

MAINTENANCE WORK

You can stop a door hinge from creaking by rubbing it with a lead pencil. The graphite does the job.

To open a lock which is hard to turn, oil the key instead of the lock. Works better.

On very cold days, turn on an electric fan about three feet in front of a radiator. Heat will circulate much better.

To restore the odor of a cedar chest or closet, go over the inside surface lightly with sandpaper. This will open a new surface, allowing the wood to "breathe" again.

Do the seats sag on your cane-bottom chairs? Wash them thoroughly with hot water and dry them outdoors. They will shrink up tight.

DISHWASHING STRATEGY

Have trouble drying flour sifters, egg beaters and other kitchen gadgets? Rinse them thoroughly and place them on the shelves in the oven for a while. The pilot light will furnish enough heat to dry them.

Do cotton dish towels leave lint on dishes and glasses, doubling your drying time? Have your wife starch the towels. This will make them much more absorbent and also lint free.

To clean deep jars and jugs a bottle brush won't reach, put a few pebbles inside. Pour in a little soapy water and shake. You can use the same pebbles over and over.

MISCELLANEOUS WISDOM

Give your snow shovel a coat of ordinary wax. Then, when you toss the snow into a pile, the stuff will slide off immediately, easing your chore.

A discarded windshield wiper is a wonderful timesaver when washing windows.

To chill a bottle of wine quickly, wrap it in a piece of flannel that has been dipped in ice water and not wrung out. The wine will go below room temperature in jigtime.

Keep weeds from growing in a gravel drive by sprinkling heavily with a salt solution.

Have trouble with a stubborn cork? Wrap a hot cloth around the neck of the bottle and squeeze a few drops of ice water over the cork. The heat will expand the glass, the ice water will contract the cork and they will part company.

Strips of reflector tape across the edges of dark attic, cellar or porch steps may prevent a dangerous fall.

Wit's end stunt to entertain baby: crumple cellophane paper in a large handkerchief and tie at the corners. Baby will enjoy the crackling and the paper can't cut him.

Pad the rear pockets of your work clothes with thin pieces of sponge rubber. The pockets won't develop holes so fast when tools are thrust into them.

You can keep metal-tipped furniture legs from denting linoleum floors by removing cork discs from soft drink bottles and glueing one on each leg.

Ernie-isms

EASY-GOING TENNESSEE ERNIE FORD has won television fans with his Southern-accented stories about his pea-pickin' cousins. His personally flavored expressions have earned a special name—"Ernie-isms"—that have marked him as one of the keenest cracker-barrel wits since Will Rogers. Here are some samples of typical Tennessee "Ernie-isms":

"I'm as nervous as a pucker on a guppy."

"Fooling him is as easy as sneaking dawn past a rooster."

"He's quicker'n a cricket's twitch."

"You're as welcome as a hound dog at a flea circus."

"I'm panting like a lizard on a hot rock."

"She's as nervous as a long-tailed cat in a roomful of rocking chairs."

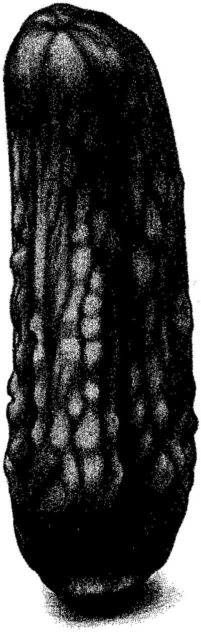
"I'm as busy as a puppy in a room full of rubber balls."

"I'm as tired as a two-pound hen that's laid a three-pound egg."

by LEONARD LOUIS LEVINSON

How to win friends & influence people—despite warts and a sour face

THE PEERLESS PICKLE



IN THE PAST eight years, the pickled cucumber has fought its way up steadily past the corn, the pea, the tomato and the bean to become America's No. 1 vegetable in popularity and dollar sales.

While no one has ever taken an official pickle census, by checking Government, grower and industry figures, it can be predicted conservatively that in 1958, Americans will eat 6,000,000,000 pickles—400,000 tons of them—which is around three dozen per person. This will add up to a national pickle bill of $200,000,000.

Although the population of the U.S. has grown 35 percent in the past 26 years, pickle production and consumption went up 189 percent; and much of this succulent success story can be traced to the way that the pickle-packers have used laughter to keep us pickle-privy.

H. L. Mencken once wrote that Americans found the sound of "p" and "k," as in Podunk and pickles, very amusing. And the National Pickle Packers Association has been keeping consumers conscious of its product by a stream of humorous publicity stunts.

Discovering a young grocer in the improbable town of Rolling Forks, Mississippi, with the improbable name of Dill L. Pickle, they brought him to Chicago for a hilarious Man-of-the-Year ceremony.

In 1956, a search revealed that the Carlos Pickle family of Smithville had the largest number of Pickles in one household—14 persons named Pickle. They were awarded all the pickles they could eat, and made honorary citizens of Dill City, Oklahoma.

From the hot pepper pickles of the Latin countries to the salty, finger-sized ones of Northern China, the preserved cucumber is an international favorite; and each country has a preference, from the English mustard pickle to the French sweet gherkin, to the Jewish kosher dill.

For over 2,000 years, men have

been preserving the cucumber in spices, salt brine and vinegar. It is recorded that Cleopatra nibbled on them in the belief that they contributed to beauty and health.

Americus Vespucius, before he became an explorer, was a pickle dealer in Seville. In Colonial America, pickles were highly regarded as the only zestful, juicy vegetable available during the winter months.

The first successful commercial processing of pickles began when the William Underwood Company went into business on a Boston wharf in 1821, preserving cucumbers, onions, cauliflower and red cabbage. The firm is still in business, but now only cans deviled ham and seafood.

The giant of the industry today had its inception in a horse-radish-grinding shop opened by Henry John Heinz in Sharpsburg, Pennsylvania, in 1869. The same year, he began pickling sour onions and selling them by the barrel. Chowchow-mixed sour pickles and gherkins were added in 1871, and the prospering enterprise was moved to Pittsburgh four years later.

By 1893, Heinz was doing so well he exhibited his fancy pickle packs at the Columbian Exposition in Chicago. However, the display, in an obscure balcony location, drew few visitors until the resourceful pickle king had fake luggage checks printed and scattered about the grounds. These offered a free souvenir if they were returned to the Heinz exhibit.

The souvenir was a small plaster replica of a pickle, to be worn as a pin. It became one of the best-known trademarks in the world. The company has given away more than 65,000,000 little green pickle pins, and for many years the measure of the most of anything was "as many as Heinz has pickles."

Heinz packs 21 different varieties of pickle products, including some never sold in the U.S., such as very sour pickles for the English trade, and specially spiced ones for Puerto Rico. In 1957, it sold more than 50,000,000 jars, leading the field both in volume and dollars.

A pickle begins life as a cucumber seed, of which there are some 10,000 to the pound. A pound of seed, plus water, sun and an acre of soil, will yield a couple of tons of cucumbers. The seeds are of special pedigreed strains developed to produce straight, thin-skinned pickling cucumbers and are supplied to the grower by the packer, who contracts to take his whole crop.

The vegetable grows rapidly and is ready to pick within 60 days. At that time, picking must be done quickly, for today's three-inch cucumber is day-after-tomorrow's six-inch one; and this is the only growing food where the premium price is paid for the smaller fruit. A bushel basket with 125 cucumbers brings around 50¢ while one with 1,000 gherkin-sized midgets is worth $2.50.

Twenty years ago, a farmer raised an acre or two of cucumbers, and he and his children harvested the crop in a few days. Now growers plant from 500 to 3,000 acres. Much of today's crop is gathered by Mexicans who come North for the harvesting.

After picking, cucumbers are used either as "green" stock, or "salt" stock. The green stock is the fresh cucumbers which are shipped immediately to packing plants and washed, graded, packed in jars, surrounded by spiced or dill brine, capped, sterilized by heat, cooled, and are ready to be eaten 90 minutes after the process is begun.

The salt stock is processed at salting stations in the growing area, where the cucumbers are transformed into pickles by controlled fermentation. Salt is added gradually to the brine so that it permeates the "cuke" slowly until a 15 percent solution is reached. These pickles now comprise the raw material used for all varieties except the fresh cucumber type and the pasteurized dills. They can be held in reserve at the salting stations until needed at the processing plants.

There the brine stock is steam-treated in a desalting process which draws all but about 3 percent of the salt from the pickle. It is then transformed into any of a number of varieties of sour, dill and sweet pickles. The latter are made by drawing off the vinegar from sour pickles and then placing them in a spiced and sweetened liquor for as long as four months.

The pickle's variety and versatility are the factors behind its pre-eminence. People enjoy them as an appetizer, as a regular vegetable course and as an ingredient in salads, beef stew, soup and Yorkshire pudding.

Modern science has determined, too, that Cleopatra was doing the right thing when she ate pickles for her health. A three-year research project at Michigan State College by a team headed by Dr. F. W. Fabian, research professor of bacteriology, found that the process of pickling increases the amount of vitamin A in cucumbers; and that pickles also contain B1 and B2 and a considerable amount of vitamin C.

Thus Cleopatra and all other old pickle-munchers fortified the body against scurvy, beri-beri and night blindness. Pickles also abound in calcium, phosphorus, iron, copper; and their salt content helps replenish the body's supply on hot days.

Pickles, with the exception of the sweet ones, are a boon to dieters, since they have practically no carbohydrates. One man, who slimmed down from over 300 pounds to 175, estimated that he ate 250 pounds of pickles in the process.

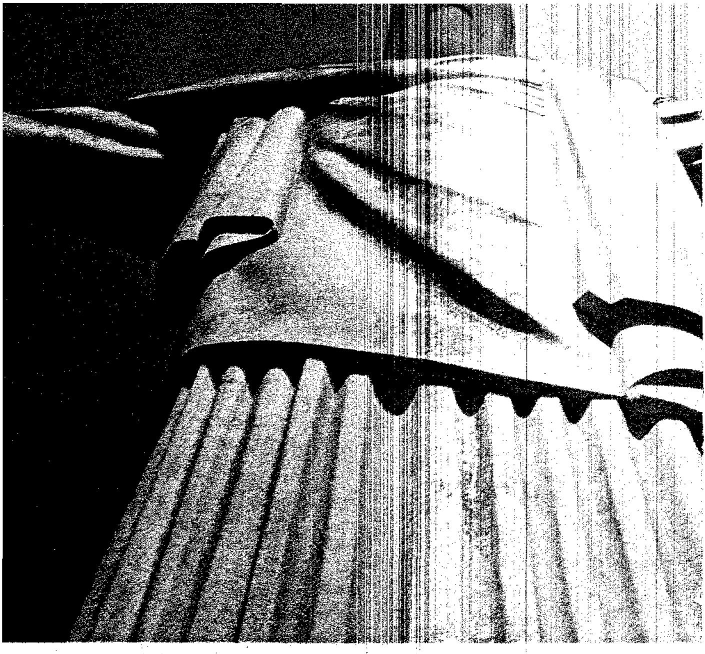
Pickles are the grocer's pet because of their ever-growing popularity. Most supermarkets, in fact, devote large areas of shelf space to their pickle parade. And the pickle-packers, always plugging their product, have come up with a new slogan: "Keep America Green—Buy Pickles!"

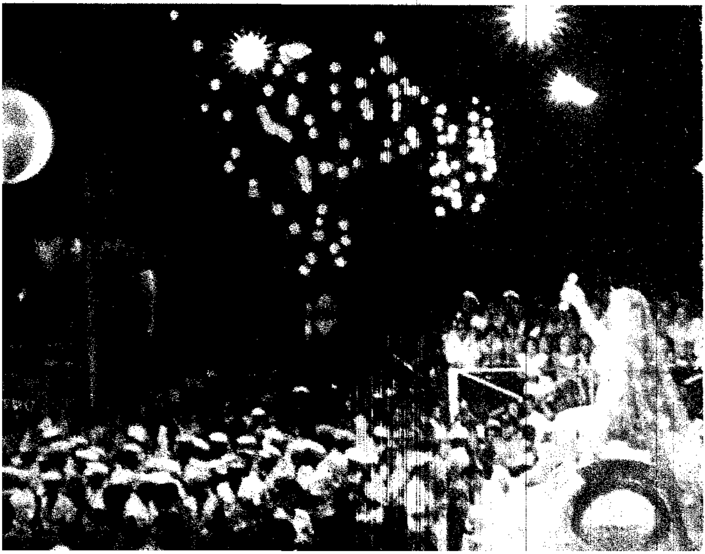
Vice Versus Right

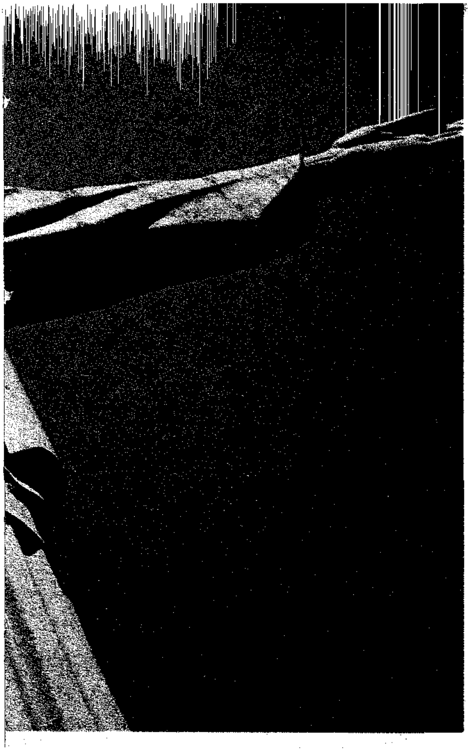
IN CHICAGO a bigamist, married to eight different wives, told the court he didn't smoke, drink or swear. "My only vice," he explained, "is that whenever I see a pretty woman I can't resist asking her to be my wife."

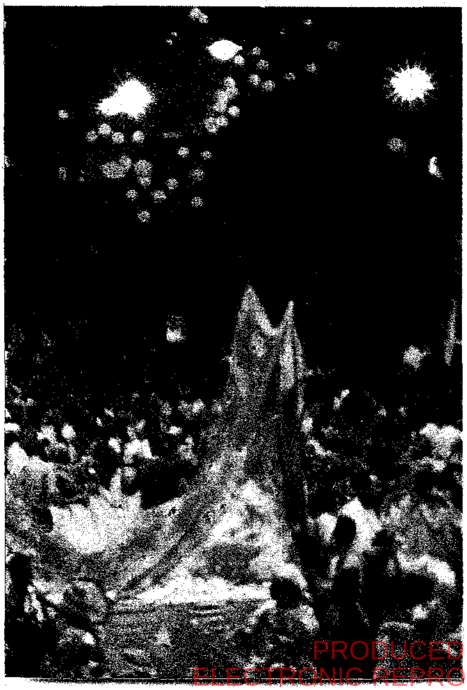
The court gave him three years in which to build up his resistance.

—HY GARDNER









Text and pictures
by Lewis W. Gillenson

THE AMERICAS' CAPITAL OF COLOR Rio

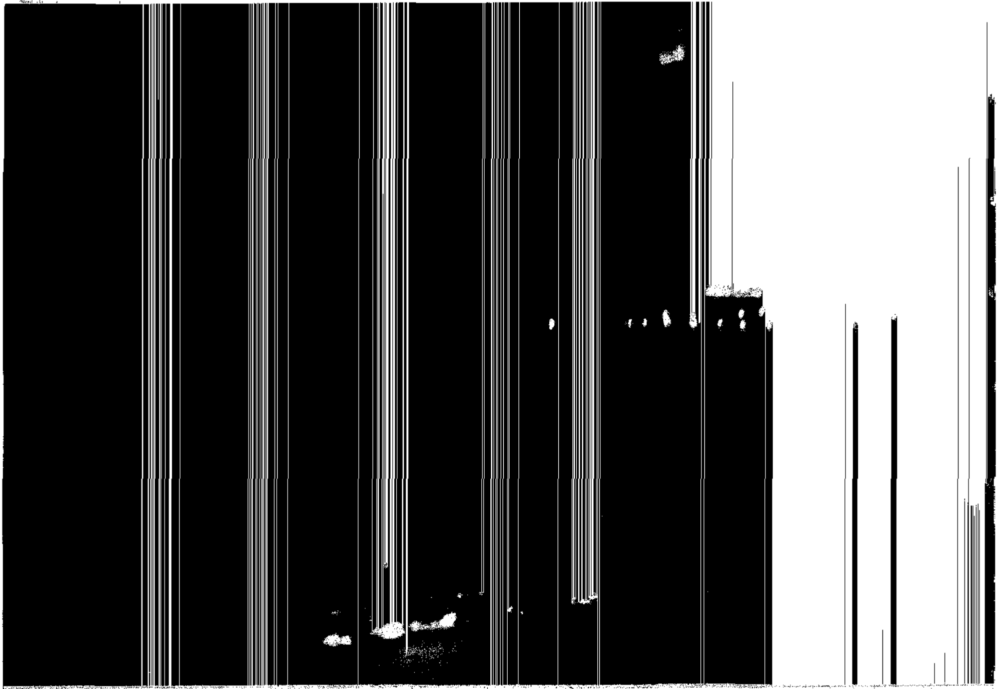
SILHOUETTED AGAINST the bluest sea-sky of the Western Hemisphere, the 124-foot figure of Christ atop Mt. Corcovado in Rio de Janeiro seems almost benignly to be blessing the frenzied Cariocas as they erupt in a colorful blaze of excitation for three days and four nights during Carnival time. From atop Corcovado, a half mile into the sky, the figure looks over a wonderland of azure waters, weaving alabaster shorelines studded with multi-hued buildings and green hills stretching lazily into a translucent, almost pastel, atmosphere. From the murmur of its rich lagoons to its wildly patterned sidewalk mosaics, Rio fairly breathes its own voluptuousness. One smiling Carioca described it as a place where "peace visits to relax."

SENSUOUSNESS HUGS THE CITY like the spangled leotard of a ballerina. It is a city of natural curves, of the sounds of softly lapping waters on endless miles of white beaches, and of the exotic fragrance of tropical foliage wafting over the concrete fastness of a work-a-day town of almost 3,000,000 people, behind Sao Paulo, the second largest city of Brazil. To complete the picture there is the climate; it accommodates the casualness of the special Rio world, almost never falling so low in the winter as to inhibit a sun bather, nor rising so high in summer as to cause discomfort. So soothingly do the seasons blend that one visitor summed it up, "Rio, it's a wonderful place, where the winter comes to spend the summer."

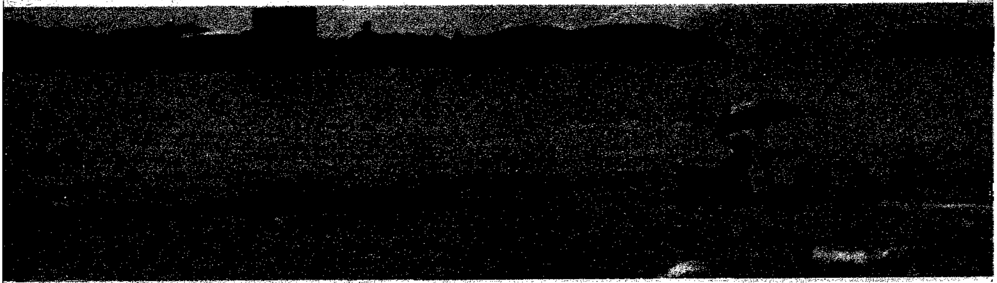
On motorless Paquetá Island, two hours away from Rio by boat, Cariocas go on vacation.

RIO DE JANEIRO POSSESSES a few incongruities: first, its name, which translated from the Portuguese, Brazil's national tongue, means River of January. The Portuguese explorer who first saw Guanabara Bay in January, 1502, couldn't believe that anything so rangy and long could be anything but a river, and so named it. Cariocas (the title which was given by the Indian natives to the white settlers literally means "white man's home" and has now come to mean natives of Rio) gaze lovingly at the hilly backdrop of their city, but prefer flat land to live on. As a result, the people of the favelas (slums) nestle as squatters in the choicest plots with the loveliest views. And no one would dream of dispossessing them.

View of Rio from Corcovado: rocky spire in foreground is famed Sugar Loaf mountain.



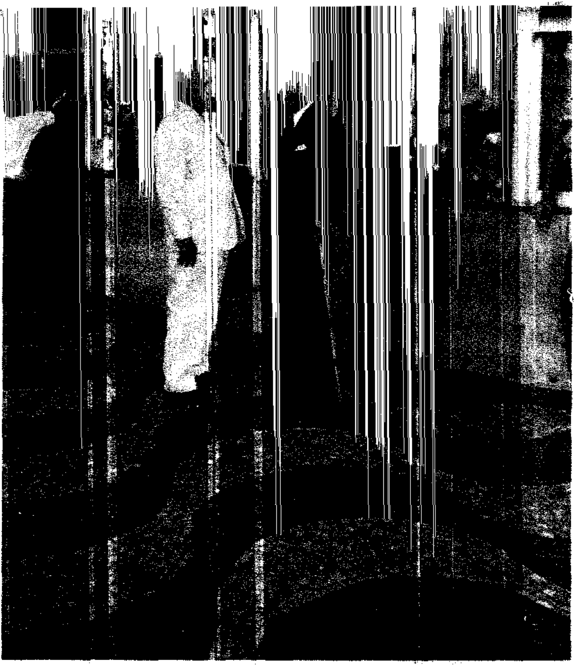
At midnight, the skies turn vivid as the lights play on the curved symmetry of the city.



Along 100-mile public coastline of Guanabara Bay, anybody can find a private beach.

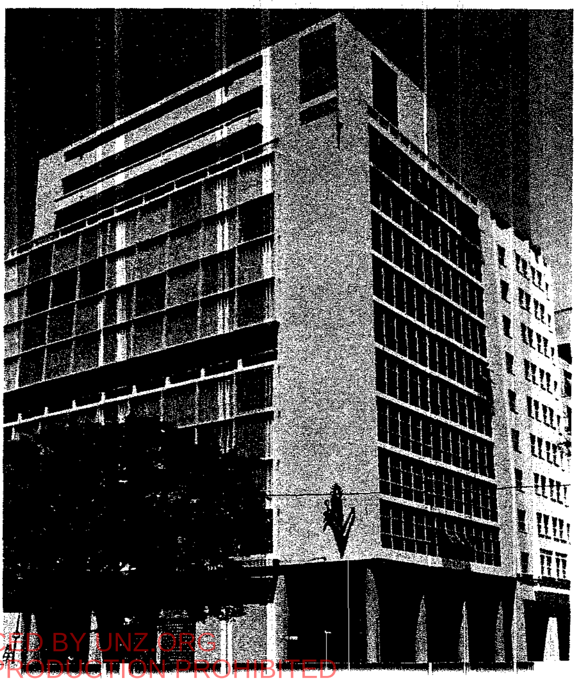
Ropestrand of lights winds along Avenida Rio Branco into Rio's commercial center

IN STYLE, Rio's architecture is as color-studded and decorative as its environs and as geared for comfort as its people. Everything is built with an eye to the sun; the older structures are in the traditions of Portugal, with thick stone walls and vivid ceramic roofs to cast away the rays of the sun. The newer structures of Rio, designed by such world-renowned architects as Brazil-born Oscar Niemeyer, play with the sun's rays by employing such devices as the brise-soleil, an outside shutter, together with multi-colored windows set at ingenious angles for shade. Many buildings are characterized by sleek, clean lines; the concrete structures rest on vertical concrete piles. In the suburbs, all—from rich to poor—build with an eye to the city's magnificent contours. And in the sidewalks of the city are the mosaics, hand-set and dazzling, a trademark of off-beat Rio and of its debt to the Old World.

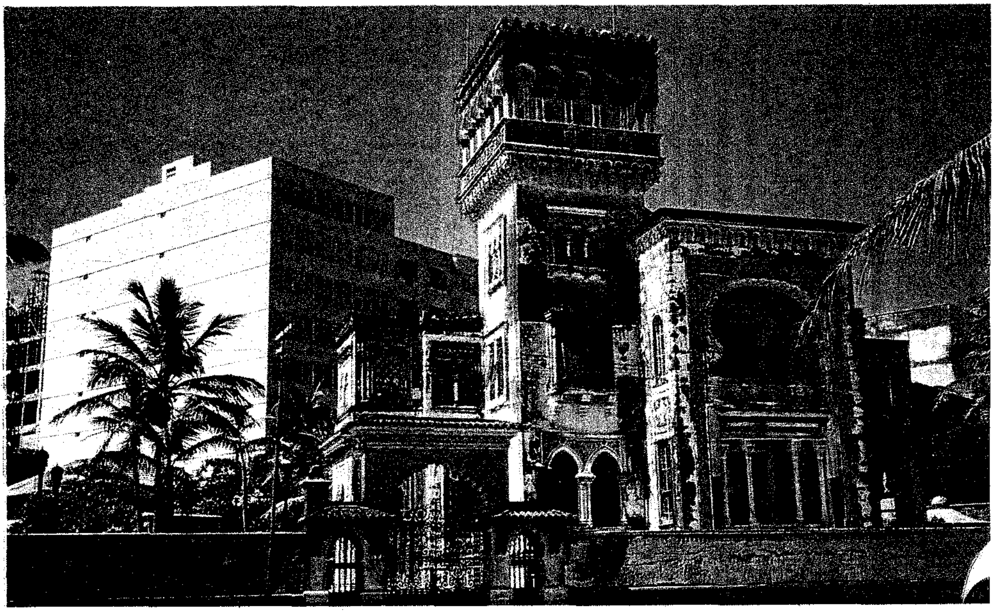


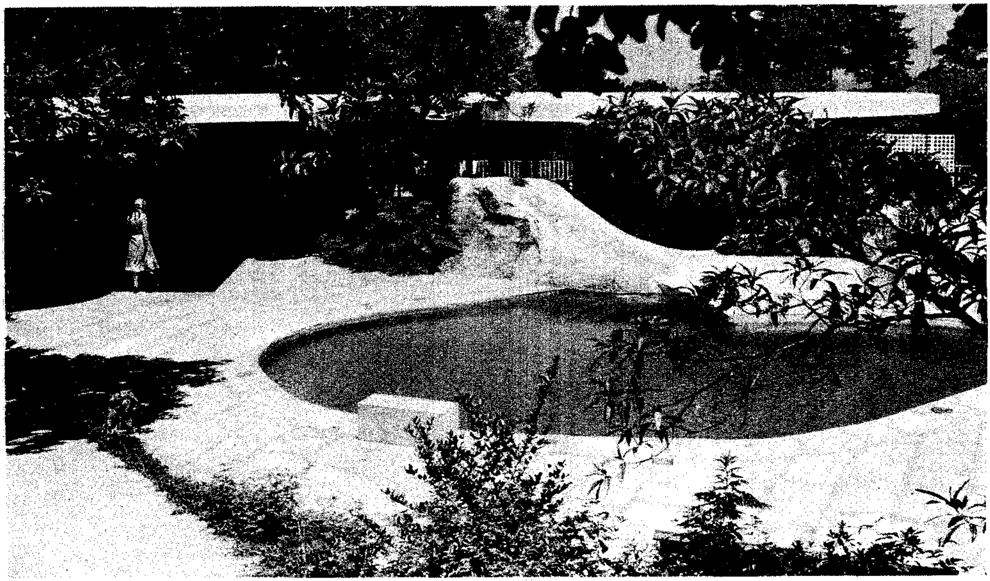
The mosaic sidewalks in downtown Rio, found in few other Brazilian cities, are of Portuguese origin.

Apartment house on Copacabana Boulevard features clean lines and colored glass to soften sun's rays.



Moorish-type house in suburb of Ipanema has towers, tiles, heavy walls and Old World elegance.

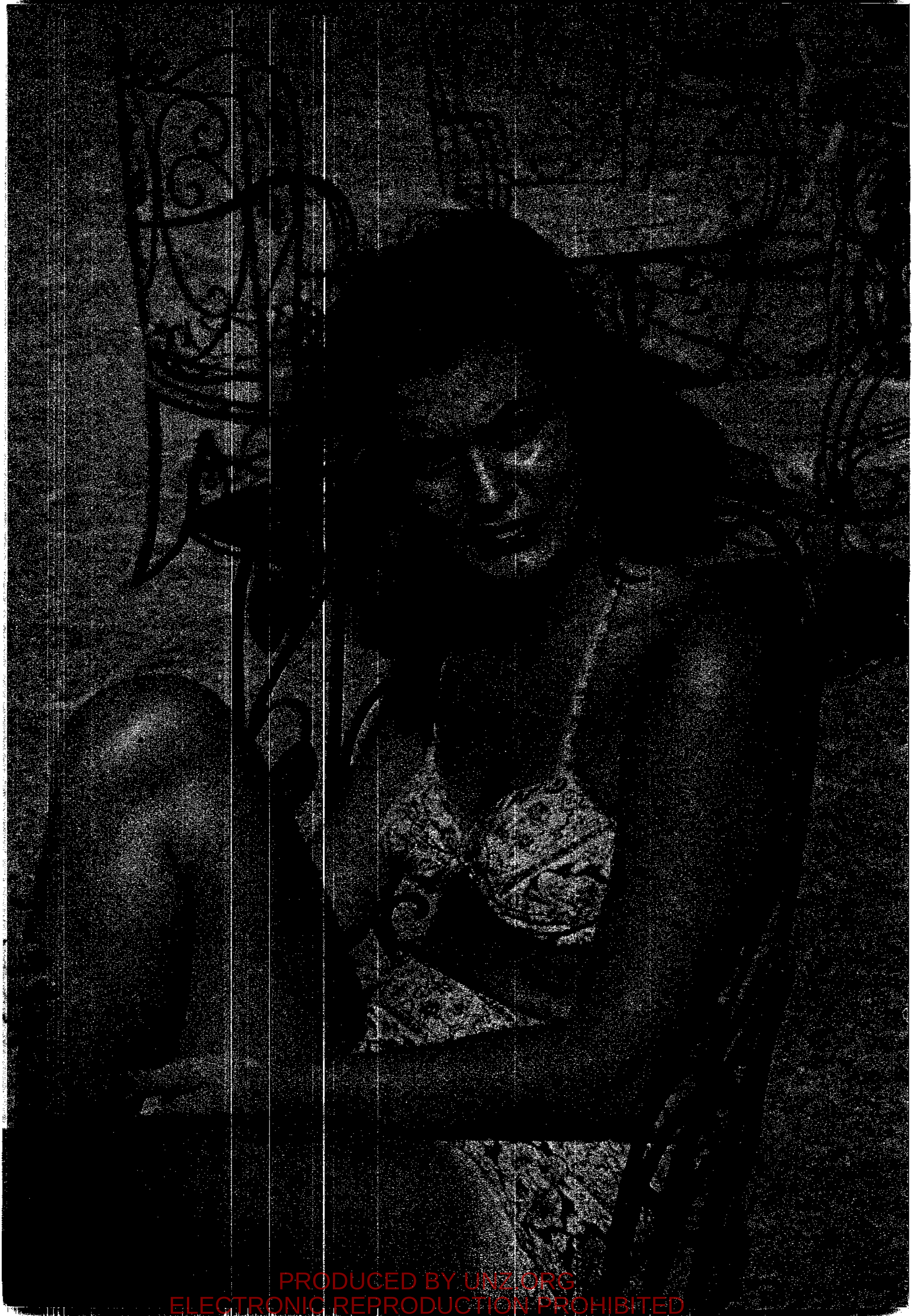




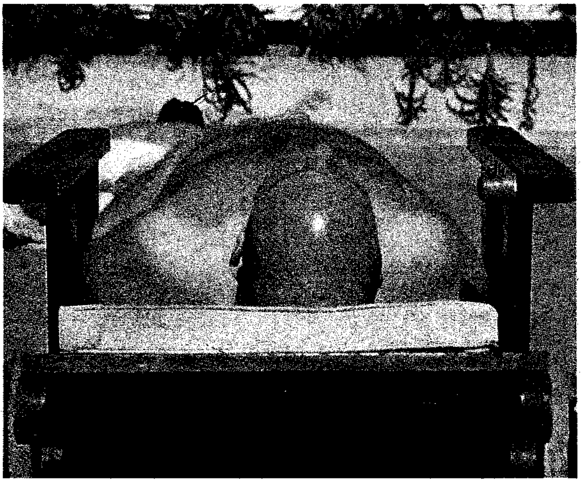
Modern home of Oscar Niemeyer in suburbs is good example of modern lines blending with terrain.

Young businessman Eduardo Topajos, his fiancee Lia Moraes and friend cruise in his private yacht in Guanabara Bay.

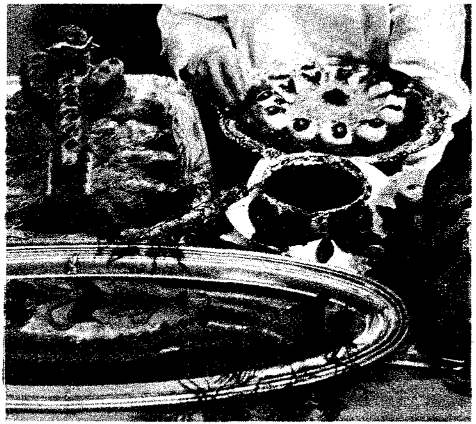
THE BLUE WATERS OF RIO fairly mesmerize the Cariocas. They build their houses to face the waters. Along the twisting, 100-mile shoreline of Guanabara Bay, hardly a spot exists where a group of young people cannot alight for an afternoon of swimming or fishing in complete privacy. An ideal aim for a Carioca is to rush away from work, grab onto one of the undersized and overcrowded open-air trolleys (fare 2¢) and head for one of the free beaches, such as Copacabana (below). It's one of the few occasions when he really rushes. Traffic bustles around in a gay pandemonium; as one Sao Pauloite (traditional critics of Rio leisure) put it, "to get the Cariocas fast to a place where they then can spend the rest of the time doing nothing." On the Avenida Atlântica, the two-mile boulevard skirting Copacabana Beach, apartment skyscrapers keep mushrooming. Everybody aspires to live there, even though in many of the most luxurious buildings water stops running for days at a time. The reason: nobody worried much whether the water mains would be able to meet the new demands. Yet despite such irritants, a booming inflation, a growing population with ever-increasing breakdowns in facilities to service it, and phones that almost never work the first time, the town exudes an atmosphere where ulcers are about as uncommon as overcast skies.



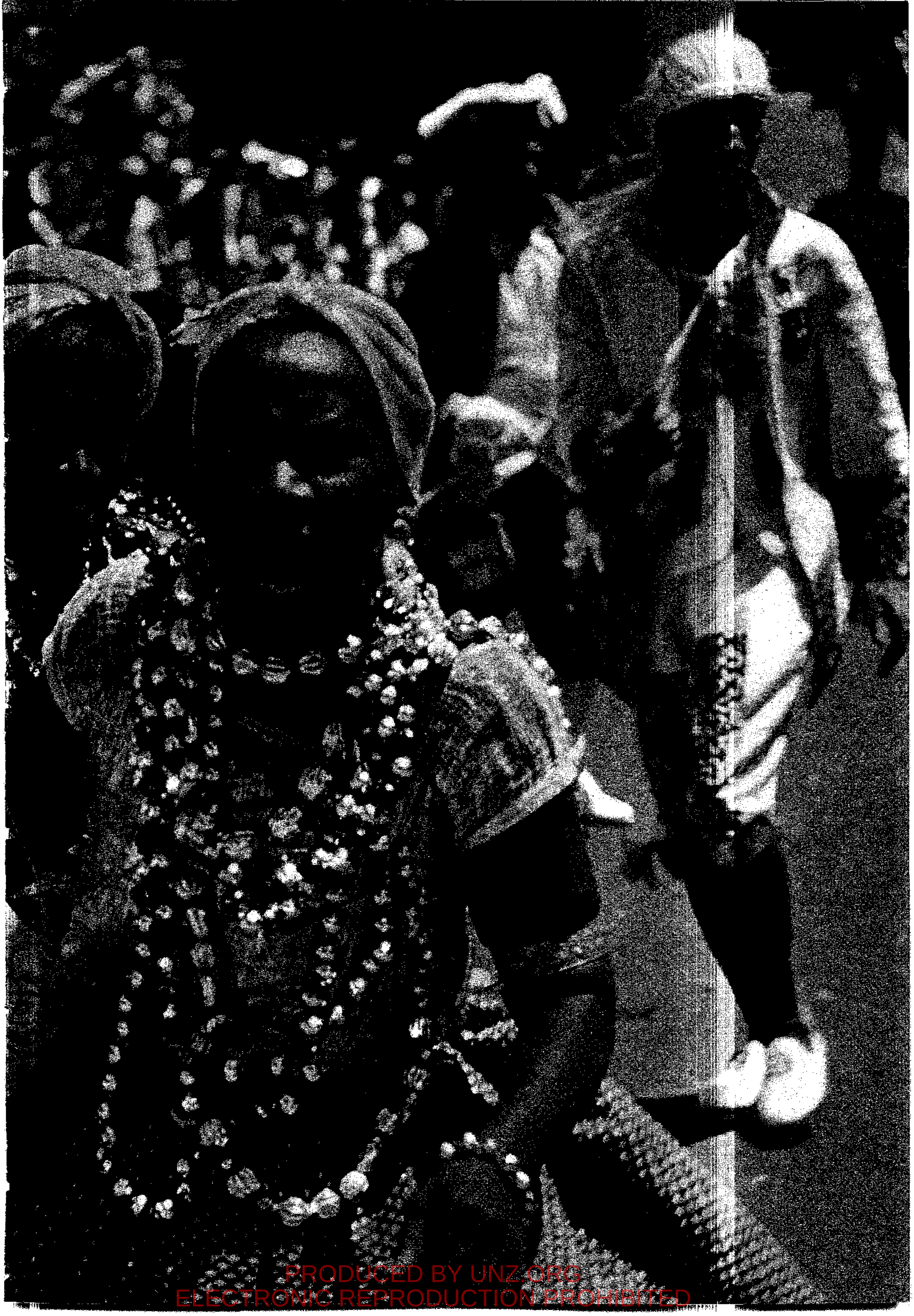
EVERYBODY, YOUNG OR OLD, black or white, basks in the sun, whether on the public beaches (below) or at the pool side of the lush Hotel Gloria (left), where beauty queen Adalgisa Colombo, 18, visits. Rio, like all Brazil, is one of the most democratic places on earth. It has a huge Negro population, a carry-over from the days when the Portuguese used the city as a slave shipping center. Yet, despite the different economic levels, socially there is little tension between the races.



THE COLOR of its surroundings, its foods, the temperament of its people and its way of life is most vividly expressed in Rio during Carnival time. Soon after the New Year, a heightened hum permeates the city. In the favelas, the sewing machines clickety-clack, turning out wildly ornamental costumes; amateur musicians begin composing special sambas, far into the warm summer night; large and small groups belonging to escolas de samba (neighborhood clubs organized to present their own pageantry) start rehearsing. The bands, numbering anywhere from ten to 200 members, begin grating on their gourds, blowing horns and beating drums, pots and pans; others hammer and saw away at ingenious floats, democratically designed by the neighborhood council. The show belongs to the poor. It climaxes in a four-day burst of gaiety that immediately precedes Lent, and is known the world over as the Carnival at Rio.



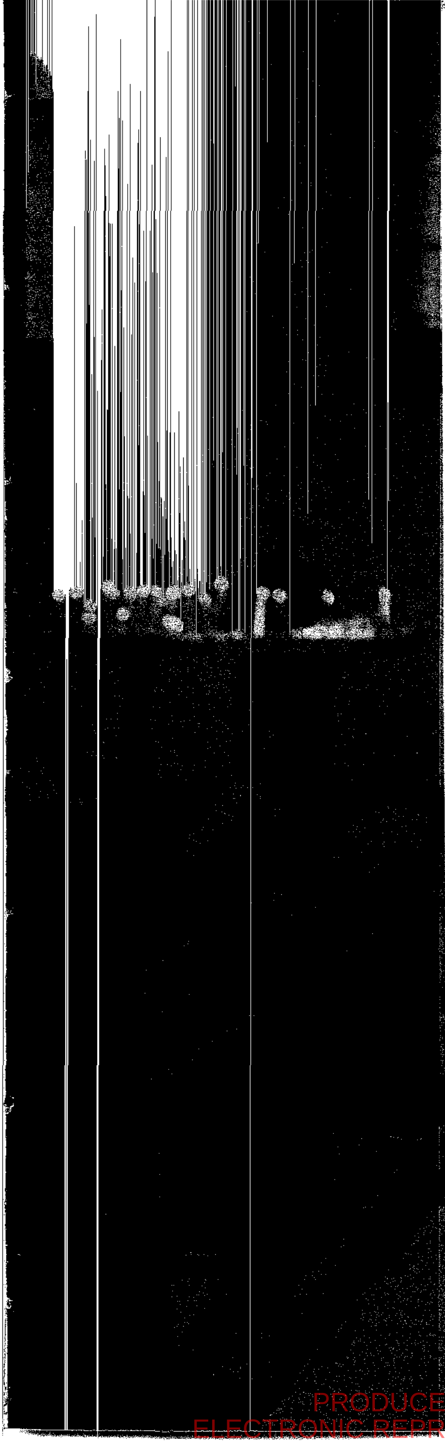
Most colorful food in all Brazil is served from hors d'oeuvres tray of Varig Airlines. It features put-together whole fish and a glazed fowl.

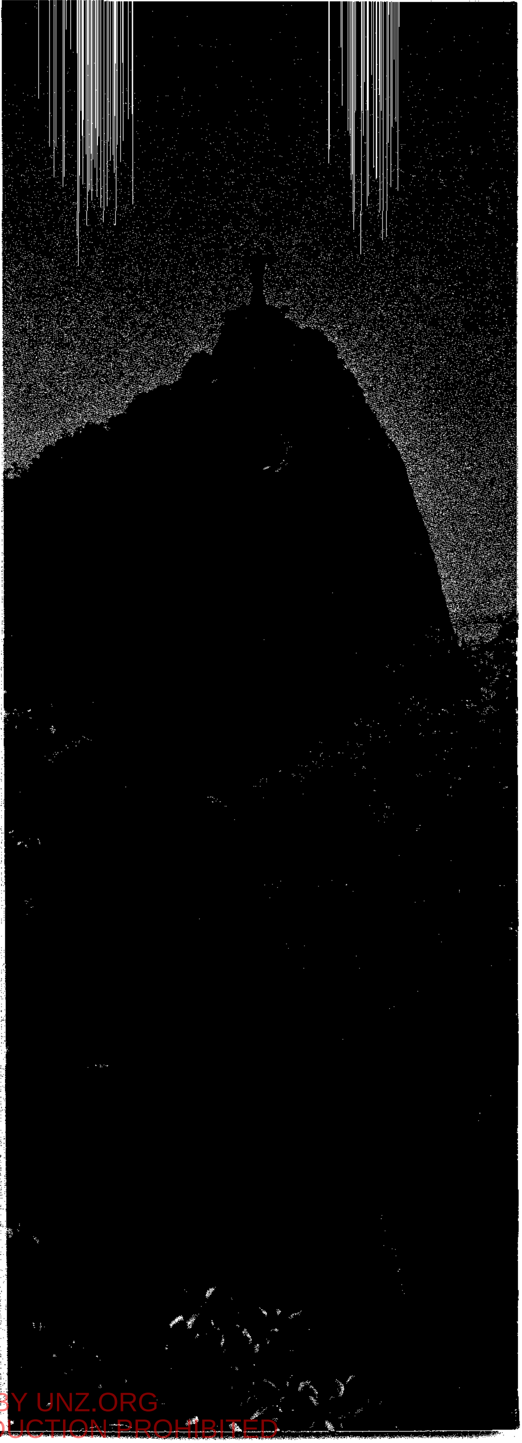


AS CARNIVAL TIME approaches, the masses tumble into the main avenues from the morros (the slum hills) above the city. Almost all business is shut tight. Bars may serve beer or champagne; the former too filling for the wild, round-the-clock marchers, the latter too expensive. Most get their kicks by dousing each other with jets of perfumed ether shot from squirt guns. It cools, and when inhaled provides a blitz stimulation. The well-to-do, dressed in elaborate costumes, pack into semi-official balls at such hotels as the Gloria, where these pictures were taken. At 10 P.M. the music begins; it blares loud and strong without a pause until 4. Everyone whirls in a variation of a primitive African stomp called the quizomba (refined by time and tempo to the samba) until utterly exhausted.

A family of revelers rests on the streets before returning to mufti and devotions on Ash Wednesday.

ON ASH WEDNESDAY, after four nights and three days of continuous revelry, the million-odd participants in one of the world's greatest civic jamborees are completely worn out. As Lent begins, a new calm bathes the city. Their faces scrubbed clean of grease-paint make-up, clothes carefully laundered, the crowds begin filling the churches for the Catholic Easter masses. Many thousands of Negroes who practice a lingering voodoo called Macumba (which features strange incantations and sacrifices) in deference to a frowning church mix their weird rituals with "good spirits" from Christian sainthood. Like the white-cloaked woman kneeling at the altar, the Cariocas pray as fervently as they played a day before, while the Christ atop Corcovado hovers over a gentler and more reverent city.





Constitutionally opposed
to paying out for
getting in, "One-Eye" Connelly's
wits worked faster than
a free ticket

King of the gate crashers

by Charles Boswell & Lewis Thompson

A BOXING ACCIDENT more than 60 years ago launched James Leo Connelly on one of the most dedicated—and odd-ball—careers in the history of sport.

Connelly, a short, stocky Lowell, Massachusetts, lightweight was training with a sparring partner when the metal tip of the lace on a glove flicked the pupil of his left eye. The eye became infected and had to be removed by surgery, and his days in the ring were over.

James Leo was 18 when he lost his eye. And though hardly the introspective type, he accepted it philosophically and, as he told a reporter, "I decided to take me other eye and see the world."

His world was the world of sporting events and he came to believe that it was his inalienable right to attend those events even though he had no ticket of admission. As he explained it: "I feel me future, as well as me eye, is buried in the fights, and the fact that I ain't got the price to get in makes no nevermind."

Lacking the price, "One-Eye" substituted the coin and bank note of ruse and improvisation, and he proved himself such a master at manufacturing both that he became known as "King of the Gate Crashers." Witty, genial, he was as nervy as a stunt flyer and as full of tricks as Houdini, and the fact that he operated under the handicap of an easily identifiable facial disfigurement added to his fame.

The first gate One-Eye attempted to crash was the Bob Fitzsimmons-Jim Corbett "big go" (as he referred to championship matches) on March 17, 1897, at Carson City, Nevada. The moment he heard of the forthcoming scrap, he boasted to a friend: "That's for me. I'm going to see it."

"You're nuts," the friend laughed. "You haven't the price of a ticket, much less the fare out there."

"Five will get you 20," Connelly offered daringly, "that I catch the fight and it don't cost me a dime!"

The bet was made and One-Eye set out for Carson City, riding the rods on freights and blind baggage on passenger trains. Being inexperienced at that point, it took him two months to get there and he did not arrive until the day before the fight.

That night, he sought out Dan Stuart, the promoter, and whispered guardedly: "I was in a saloon a while ago, Dan me boy, and I overheard a couple of toughs plotting to bump off George Siler (the referee) if the fight don't go their way. They're planning to plug him from ringside with a six-gun."

Stuart, greatly alarmed, wanted to know if Connelly could identify the thugs.

"Not by name," replied One-Eye cannily, "but if I saw them again I'd recognize them."

Whereupon Stuart provided Connelly with a pass for a choice seat, after extracting a promise to point out the gunmen the moment they entered the arena. They failed to appear, of course, and One-Eye enjoyed to the fullest the furious 14-round scrap which ended when Fitzsimmons won the heavyweight title by knocking out Corbett.

Two years later, Fitzsimmons fought Jim Jeffries at Coney Island. One-Eye, lugging a chest full of stage money, arrived at the arena just as the crowds began streaming in and gave a gateman a quick glimpse of what the chest contained. "Change for the box office," he announced with authority, and was allowed to pass inside and watch "Ruby Bob" lose his title.

The gate-crashing king rarely condescended to waste his talents on anything but championship bouts, unless the challenge to his wits seemed provocative. Such a "go" arose when Frank Mulkern, promoting a lesser fracas in a Milwaukee armory in 1903, announced to the press that Connelly would not get in without paying.

One-Eye headed for Milwaukee, got into the armory before dawn, ascended to a girder high above the ring and lashed himself there with the trunk strap he customarily wore as a belt. Eventually he fell asleep and the roar of the crowd awakened him during the fourth round. One-Eye got so excited that he slipped from the girder and would have fallen but for the trunk strap. He scrambled back and the crowd, agreeably impressed, demanded that Mulkern buy his uninvited guest a steak dinner.

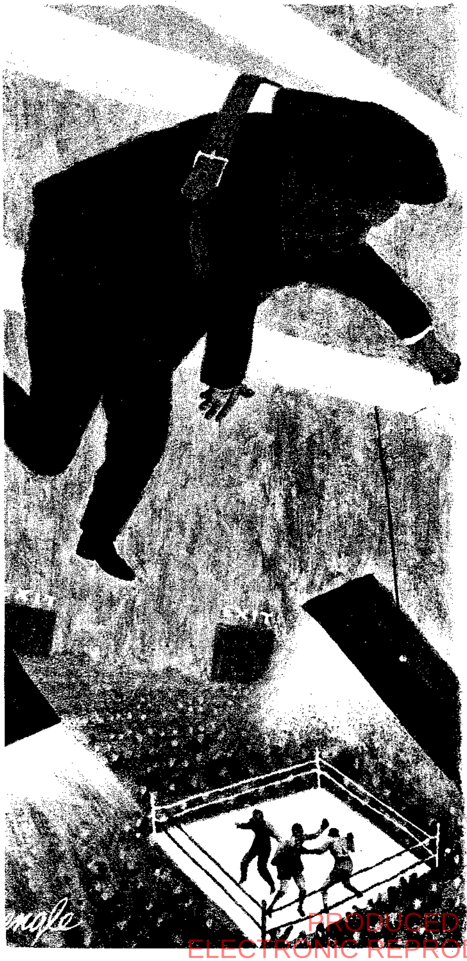
On the way to Goldfield, Nevada, for the Joe Gans-Battling Nelson lightweight title fight, One-Eye was thrown off a freight by a railroad detective outside Reno and for the remainder of his life limped as a consequence. In crashing the match itself, however, he had better luck. Clad in a sweat shirt, he went in carrying a bucket, a towel and a bottle of water. The man on the gate figured he was a handler for one of the fighters.

Connelly refused to wear a glass eye. For one thing, he couldn't find one to match the lustrous green of his remaining natural eye. Besides, they were always falling out.

In 1908, Connelly was presented with a real problem when Sydney, Australia, was announced as the site where Tommy Burns and Jack Johnson would fight for the heavyweight title. He stowed away on a freighter, but was caught and suffered the humiliation of working out his passage painting smoke funnels. On arrival in Sydney, however, he posed as a deliveryman and strode unchallenged into the arena carrying a carton labeled "Boxing Gloves."

He got back from Down Under (also by working out his passage) in time for the Battling Nelson-Fighting Dick Hyland scrap at Colma, California. But Sunny Jim Coffroth who promoted the bout knew One-Eye well, and he was hard put to it to figure how he would "make the riffle"—as he called gate-crashing—until he overheard a chief petty officer say he had been given a dozen Annie Oakleys to distribute among outstanding gobs at the Vallejo Navy Yard.

He lashed himself to a girder high above the ring, and slept peacefully until fight began.



When the servicemen appeared, they were 13 in number, and the 13th wore his sailor cap at so jaunty an angle that it obscured his left eye. There was a minor squabble at the gate—13 men and only 12 passes—but eventually the gate keeper let all 13 in. The 13th was One-Eye, of course; he had simply borrowed a sailor suit.

Between fights, One-Eye worked, but no more than was necessary to buy a flop, in wintertime, and grub. His wants were simple. He was a park-bench sleeper in warm weather and he selected his wardrobe from Salvation Army emporiums. Also, he was not a drinking man, unless somebody else was buying the drinks. He had no family responsibilities.

On occasions, he was a steeplejack, a circus roustabout, an elevator operator, and now and then a newsboy. Once in Cleveland, a limousine stopped, John D. Rockefeller handed him a nickel for a copy of the Cleveland *Press,* and awaited his change. One-Eye fled, not bebecause he wanted to cheat Rockefeller out of a couple of pennies, but because he prized the nickel, which he attached to the end of his watch chain.

Though he found working his way humiliating, Connelly crossed to Europe to take in the Georges Carpentier-Joe Beckett bout in England shortly after World War I. He never revealed how he slipped into this match without paying, but unquestionably he did. For as the main bout began, he was up front, his back to the ring, shaking hands with the Prince of Wales. The Prince presented him with a gold sovereign.

But when One-Eye turned around, the fight was over; Carpentier had knocked out the British champion in 74 seconds. "I went all the way to England to see a go," One-Eye complained, "and then didn't see it."

On Independence Day, 1919, a very bedraggled One-Eye turned up in Toledo, Ohio, for the Jack Dempsey-Jess Willard fight. He had come in on a freight tender, the train had taken water not far out of Toledo, and torrents of it had splashed over him. To make matters worse, One-Eye's method of riffling the arena was to go early while the place was deserted and hide in a pile of sawdust. On emerging, still wet and with the sawdust sticking to him, he looked not unlike a snow man.

Tex Rickard offered One-Eye a free ticket to the Manassa Mauler's meeting with Carpentier at Boyle's Thirty Acres, Jersey City, on July 2, 1921. But Connelly spurned it—as too far from ringside. "And besides," he told Tex, "I couldn't accept it anyway; it would be against the rules of gate-crashing."

One-Eye was thrown out of 13 of the entrances to Boyle's Thirty Acres. Then, with a basket over his arm, he started picking up empty soda bottles outside the grounds and the trail of the empties led him right past an unsuspecting ticket taker at the 14th. He watched the fight from a seat only a couple of rows back of Rickard himself.

One-Eye crashed the Jack Dempsey-Gene Tunney fight at Soldier Field in Chicago by importuning a couple of cronies to start a mock scuffle outside the gate. He slipped past in the excitement. Safe within the arena, he appropriated a seat in Tex Rickard's box. When Rickard and a group of friends arrived, the promoter said sternly: "Connelly, you know better than this."

"Sure I do," replied One-Eye jauntily, "but I figured maybe somebody in your party wouldn't show up and there'd be room for me."

Rickard summoned a squad of ushers, who gave chase to the interloper. One-Eye evaded them, however, by hiding among the newspapermen at ringside.

Connelly was in San Francisco when he heard of the forthcoming Mickey Walker-Tommy Milligan battle for the middleweight championship, to be held in London on June 30, 1927. He immediately made plans to hop trains across the country and stow away aboard a liner—on which he had a friend, a steward—due to sail from New York on June 10. "After I crash the fight," he boasted, "I'll crash Buckingham Palace and say hello to King George."

A cop in Goodland, Kansas, hauled him off a freight, however, and jailed him for ten days. As a consequence, One-Eye did not reach New York until after his friend's ship was well at sea. With time running out, he found it necessary to humble himself and buy third-class passage to England.

There One-Eye suffered further humiliation. Inasmuch as he was able to show only a small amount of money, the British authorities refused to permit him to roam at will, lest he become a public charge. So he missed crashing not only Buckingham Palace, but also the fight.

When he got back to New York (at the expense of the Cunard Line) "Tammany" Young, long a contender for the gate-crashing crown, held that One-Eye's abortive British adventures had dethroned him and that he, Tammany, was now king. One-Eye challenged Tammany to a supreme test—to eat at an Automat without paying.

Tammany went hungry while One-Eye enjoyed an enormous meal. Tammany claimed a foul. One-Eye, he said, had slipped his Rockefeller nickel through innumerable Automat slots, then jerked it back by means of the watch chain to which it was attached, obviously an impossibility.

One-Eye had actually gone into the Automat with his pockets empty, but it is probable that some friend planted there ahead of time provided him with nickels.

Just to show who was *really* King of the Gate Crashers, One-Eye crashed a Florida nudist colony later in 1927—with his clothes on. The year following, he visited Houston, Texas, to take in the Democratic National Convention, but was apprehended by a cop who handcuffed him to a bench outside the convention hall. One-Eye got in with the delegates, nevertheless, by picking up the bench and telling the man on the gate: "They want this on the speaker's platform."

These initial excursions outside the realm of pugilism enlarged One-Eye's interests. Throughout the 1930s, he annually crashed the Derby at Louisville, the auto races at Indianapolis, and the World Series. The only important sports events he refused to crash were Army-Navy football games. "It wouldn't be patriotic," he said.

In self-defense, Jim Farley hired One-Eye as a gate keeper for the Democratic Convention of 1936, at Philadelphia. But it was no go. Connelly was too soft-hearted and closed his one eye to permit brothers in the fraternity of crashers to slip by him.

During World War II, the aging One-Eye announced his retirement from gate-crashing. "They got dames on the gates now," he lamented. "I wouldn't be no gentleman if I made a riffle."

Following his death in 1953, at the age of 84, admirers recalled his one known attempt at poetry, a couplet which ran: "Of all the gates I have crashed you folks have heard tell; I will crash the gates of St. Peter and then the gates of hell."

Curious fly
Vinegar jug
Slippery edge
Pickled bug.
—*Philnews*

by Richard G. Hubler

For years Hollywood brass has been bending to her iron will. "I guess," shrugs Olivia de Havilland, "it's because I have a man's mind in a woman's body"

Olivia–
THE BELLICOSE BELLE

ABSOLUTELY on the square," says an admiring friend of Olivia Mary de Havilland. "Squareshooter, eats square meals, and is a natural squarehead."

Although his estimate is not entirely accurate, inasmuch as Miss de Havilland is curved in highly important places, it does indicate she has a mind of her own. Not many people in Hollywood would apparently like to have it—but her sense of independence makes her the spunky, charming female she is.

She has demonstrated her ability to stand up and swat at fate on numerous and expensive occasions. She quarreled with the colossal Warner Brothers studio for nearly two years about an "anti-peonage" clause in her contract in 1943—and won at a cost of about $13,000 in cash and $375,000 in potential earnings. She then got into a hassle with her lawyer about what she considered an exorbitant fee on the case.

She married Marcus Aurelius Goodrich, a writer, in 1946, and divorced him in 1952. During this period of marital indulgence, she overheard her sister, an equally famous actress named Joan Fontaine, make what she construed as a snide remark about her spouse, and cut her dead for six years. She fought the percentage demands of her agents and business managers for years—and now handles herself exclusively, and successfully.

She fought her own union, the Screen Actors Guild, Inc., to clean up what she thought were unfair practices, and lost. She fought the Internal Revenue Department over her taxes, and won in the courts.

For a remark about her husband that she felt was snide, she snubbed sister Joan Fontaine (right) for six years.

She defied her doctor and had a child by Caesarean section. Over his objections she tried to nurse it herself, found it impossible, and spent three days weeping. She has since had another child the same way.

A chit of a woman, about five-feet-three in height, weighing 110 pounds, with brown eyes and hair, Miss de Havilland at 42 looks as lovely, as fragile and innocent as a bit of Dresden bric-a-brac. But anyone who tries to fool with her deep-seated sense of moral integrity feels as though he has grabbed a high-voltage wire.

During her movie career, she has made 38 pictures—and it is fair to say she has emerged from very few of them without some kind of a battle. "I think it may be because I have a man's mind in a woman's body," says Miss de Havilland.

Perhaps that is why she likes her latest picture, *The Proud Rebel,* a $2,000,000 production in which she will receive $175,000 for her acting. She portrays a mannish Western pioneer-type woman who plows, harnesses horses, jumps spraddle-legged onto mules, and in the end is softened into femininity by her love for Alan Ladd. Miss de Havilland is not unwomanly. Such an intimation would be enough to start her campaigning against writers and psychologists.

For her second husband, she married Pierre Paul Galante, an executive on the international magazine *Paris-Match,* because he is, she declares, "just what his name implies—a gallant, gentle man." The story of their wooing is a romantic idyll that most women would give their favorite hairdresser to live through once.

In 1953 Miss de Havilland arrived in Paris with her three-year-old son Ben to attend a film festival. The first person she met was a "dark, slender, broad-shouldered, silver-haired" gentleman who bowed from the waist and said nothing. He kept turning up in the lobby of her hotel; he had the seat next to hers at the festival; and since he was handy in English-French translating, she soon found herself dating him every night in the week.

At this point, anyone will guess that this was Monsieur Galante. He made tentative advances. Miss de Havilland tentatively repulsed him and left for London. Galante turned up in the English capital "on very important business."

Miss de Havilland flew home to do some stage appearances in California and Texas—and, with some astonishment, found that he turned up again on "important business." He solemnly advised her to take two weeks' vacation in Paris.

"For a while, I resisted," she says. "I felt that if I went back, I'd never leave." This was what happened. Pierre popped the question. "But wait until I tell you *how* we were married," she says, still starry-eyed three years later at the recollection.

He asked the question in a Protestant church (Miss de Havilland is a staunch non-Catholic) where he followed her despite her barbed query: "Are you going to come into the house of the infidel?"

Two years later, on April 2, 1955, after some maneuvering on both sides, they were wed by the state. "It was the same day as Napoleon's wedding," says Miss de Havilland. "The mayor did it, we had a procession through the streets of the village, a squad of trumpeters that played in uniform while we ate breakfast, little girls scattering flowers ahead of us, all kinds of presents and toasts—everything like that."

In a real sense, her second marriage appears to be symbolic of Miss de Havilland's life. She has always wanted the romantic and ideal—but she has gone about getting it the hard, masculine way.

BORN IN JAPAN, the daughter of English parents—her father was W. A. de Havilland, an internationally known patent attorney—she came to San Francisco, along with her mother and sister, when she was two and a half years old. They finally settled in a small town called Saratoga. Her mother divorced her father and Miss de Havilland proceeded to run everything at home and at school. At the latter, she got the highest marks, edited the publications, and took the leads in dancing, singing and acting.

She explains today that she felt quite at home in the U.S. because she was a direct descendant of Sir George Carteret who, with a friend, had been originally given the deed to New Jersey. She bustled through the local Saratoga grade school, then graduated from Los Gatos Union High School with a record of straight A's and exhausting extra-curricular activities.

At 16, Miss de Havilland says, her mother "enforced too rigid a discipline." She had a teenage showdown and left home, never to go back. She lived on next to nothing and maintained her independence until her mother's bridge friends raised $200 to support her. She won a scholarship to Mills College.

She was bent on a bustling newspaper career but the dreamier qualities of acting were attractive and suited her sex and talents even better. After high school, she played the title role in a summer theater production of *Alice in Wonderland* and Puck in *Midsummer Night's Dream* in a costume she made (red-and-yellow muslin and a red-yarn wig).

Hearing that Max Reinhardt, the famous German director, was to give an outdoor performance of *Midsummer Night's Dream* in the Hollywood Bowl, she hitch-hiked to Los Angeles. Using a bright smile as a bribe, she sneaked in to watch rehearsals.

A casting director spotted her. He made her read a few lines—and she became an understudy for the role of Hermia. The scheduled actress was forced out by movie commitments, the first understudy became ill, and Miss de Havilland landed the part five days before the opening.

"That was all there was to it," she says. "I got a hundred bucks a week and a hundred and a half on the road." She was launched on a career that has never since been less than exhilarating for herself and everyone around her. Her portrayal of Hermia for ten weeks got her the same role in the movie (at $250 a week) produced by Warner Brothers.

Miss de Havilland's face photographed well enough to get her a long-term contract. She starred in a succession of quickies, then got the role of the sweet, determined heroine opposite Errol Flynn in his first big picture, *Captain Blood*. From a pirate's darling, she went on to *Anthony Adverse*, and to the fragile Melanie in *Gone With The Wind*.

From adventure she went into Westerns, swept through a group of costume epics, and came back to the arms of Flynn in *Robin Hood*. This moved her up to modern portrayals in such pictures as *Wings of the Navy, Hard to Get, The Male Animal,* and *Government Girl*.

Though she only liked a couple of the pictures she shot at Warner's, she liked all of those that she was loaned out to do at other studios. This impressed her with the possibility of free lance work. It had its artistic rewards—and she was pleasantly surprised to find that she could make five times the salary she was accustomed to.

Gone With The Wind gave her an Academy Award nomination; two years later she got a second for *Hold Back The Dawn*—but it took freedom from that studio to finally emerge at the top of the voting—and get her two Oscars, one for *To Each His Own* (1946) and another for *The Heiress* (1949). The latter remains her favorite picture.

Her historic "suit for independence" began in 1943. While it was being tried, she was "at liberty"—because no one dared hire her.

"They actually suspended me for not wanting to act in scripts no more than 20 pages long," says Miss de Havilland indignantly. Completed movie scripts are always more than

100 pages long. "They could keep me for years—I really mean years—with no salary and no earnings anywhere else."

Her case went in her favor with "a very nice Mohammedan judge, the only one in Hollywood," and was appealed. It was unanimously affirmed. Warner's went up to the state supreme court where the decision was upheld.

Miss de Havilland occupied her off-screen time by bustling about on World War II entertainment tours, from the Aleutians to the South Pacific. Here she got double pneumonia and had to be shipped home.

Not satisfied with her techniques as an actress after she was set free from the contract, she finished three pictures on her own and quietly sneaked into summer stock on Long Island. Here she met an excellent novelist named Marcus Aurelius Goodrich (his book, "Delilah," later became a best seller) who charmed her with his wry view of life. She promptly married him and back they came to Hollywood.

Except to the newlyweds, it was not exactly a triumphal return. The town was terrified of this pretty creature who had given up $2,500 a week, spent four and a half hours on the witness stand, and fought studios right up to the state supreme court. They were inclined to agree with her employers—that she was "a difficult and unruly woman" with a whim of iron.

Miss de Havilland had no trouble getting jobs for high prices but she and her husband proceeded completely to misunderstand each other. Each was loyal in his fashion. He defended her valiantly against the producers and flesh-peddlers. But, in the words of a friend, "she tried to run Marcus and Marcus tried to run her career."

It was not a successful collaboration. She sued for divorce and got custody of their son Ben, now eight.

Miss de Havilland kept up her

Her marriage to novelist Marcus Goodrich collapsed when their strong minds clashed.

Olivia finds reality—and parenthood—with second husband Pierre Galante quite romantic.

outside acting and in 1951 played the superior woman in George Bernard Shaw's *Candida* for 332 performances on tour. The next year she was an imperious heroine in *Romeo and Juliet* for 100 performances.

She considers that this stage training has made her immeasurably better in her work.

Miss de Havilland claims that she is one of the shyest women alive. "I have to practice self-hypnosis in acting," she says. "That's why I hate scripts that are 'written for me.' I'm like a snake—I like to put on a new skin with every role.

"I really like people," she says ruefully, "but panic always stands between me and them. Sometimes they call me a born idealist, but really I'm not. I can't talk about it very well but it's simply that I am affronted every hour by some of the things that go on in the world—and I have to do what I can to set them right."

Secure in her second marriage, Miss de Havilland is in the midst of what she calls "my permanent French phase." She and Galante live happily on a small street near the Arc de Triomphe, giving small dinners for the newspaper and diplomatic set as part of Galante's $15,000-a-year job. (Recently he managed to persuade his magazine to run a large layout of photos of his wife in her latest picture.)

Miss de Havilland and her daughter, 18-month Giselle, shop for the home with a dictionary, buying flowers and vegetables. Giselle is Roman Catholic and Ben is Protestant —but the family has actually benefited, Miss de Havilland insists, from this split down the middle.

"It makes everyone so much more tolerant of each other," she says. "Pierre," she adds, "has a spirit of cooperation and understanding about me."

Away from the U.S. for a total of two years (since her role in *Not As A Stranger*), she was happy about the fact that via a $200 transatlantic phone call she arranged her role in *The Proud Rebel* and kept nearly $20,000 out of the hands of agents.

This sort of Hollywood custom-flouting is, by now, an irrepressible habit with Miss de Havilland. It has worked out very well for her, mostly because she combined it with talent and beauty. It is dubious, however, that such female gumption would meet with as much acceptance if it were not packaged so charmingly.

Just Before the Battle, Mother

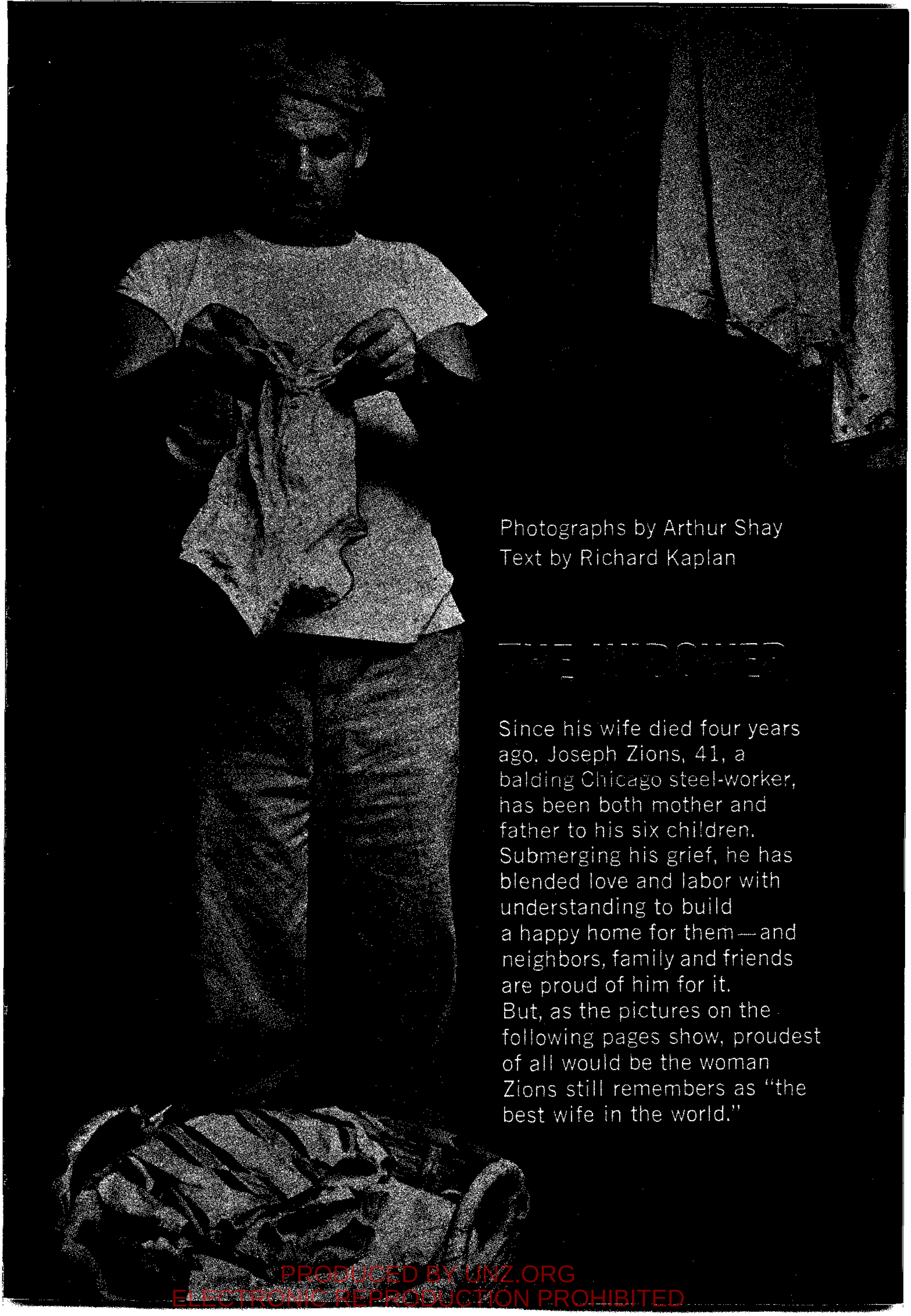
"CERTAINLY you may have a piece of cake, dear. But give your sister half . . . ."

"This plastic pool is plenty large enough for both of you . . . ."

"I bought you each a dress, dear. Yours is green and Ellen's is pink . . . ."

"I don't know *who* messed up the living room, but I want one of you to pick it up . . . ."

—MRS. C. ELIA



Photographs by Arthur Shay
Text by Richard Kaplan

THE WIDOWER

Since his wife died four years ago, Joseph Zions, 41, a balding Chicago steel-worker, has been both mother and father to his six children. Submerging his grief, he has blended love and labor with understanding to build a happy home for them—and neighbors, family and friends are proud of him for it. But, as the pictures on the following pages show, proudest of all would be the woman Zions still remembers as "the best wife in the world."

Zions bosses 12-man cutting and finishing crew at U.S. Steel (below). Coming home after eight grueling hours, he helps daughter Gail plunk out "Three Blind Mice" on the piano (right).

THE DATE JUNE 29, 1954 is seared into Zions' memory. He and his wife were fishing on Lake Michigan when a sudden squall capsized their boat. "I'm fine," Mrs. Zions assured her husband as they swam through the choppy water — but she never made shore alive. At the time, their baby daughter Gail was just eight months old, and the eldest of their five other children was 15-year-old daughter Leona. Never having had more than $80 in the bank, the family had no financial cushion. Grimly, Zions set about reshaping his suddenly motherless household. At the U. S. Steel plant, ten minutes' walk from his neat, six-room cottage on Chicago's South Side, Zions worked rotating shifts. One month it was 11 P.M. to 7 A.M.; the next month, 7 A.M. to 3 P.M. Most men hate the lonely 11 to 7 night shift, but Zions preferred it. It gave him a chance to hurry home in time to make breakfast for the kids and send them off to school. Then, although bone-tired, he would settle down to the unfamiliar household grind of cooking, cleaning, shopping and sewing.

Flanked by "Homemaker of the Year" trophy he won in 1957, Zions relaxes for an hour watching TV with kids. Left to right, front row: Wayne, 13, and Sharon, 8, with Gail, 4, on Dad's lap. Rear: Adrienne, 16, Leona, 19. Absent is Lowell, 17, who was at work.

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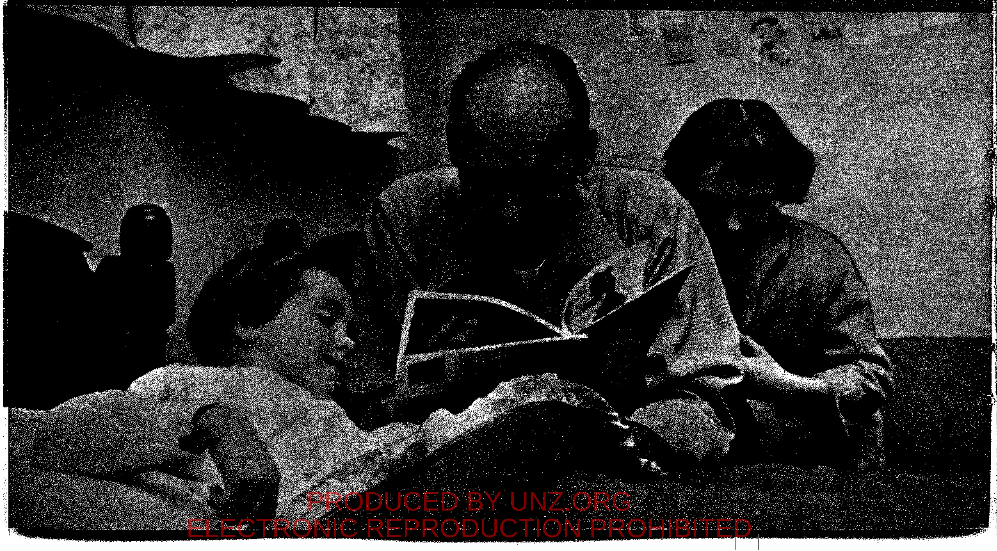
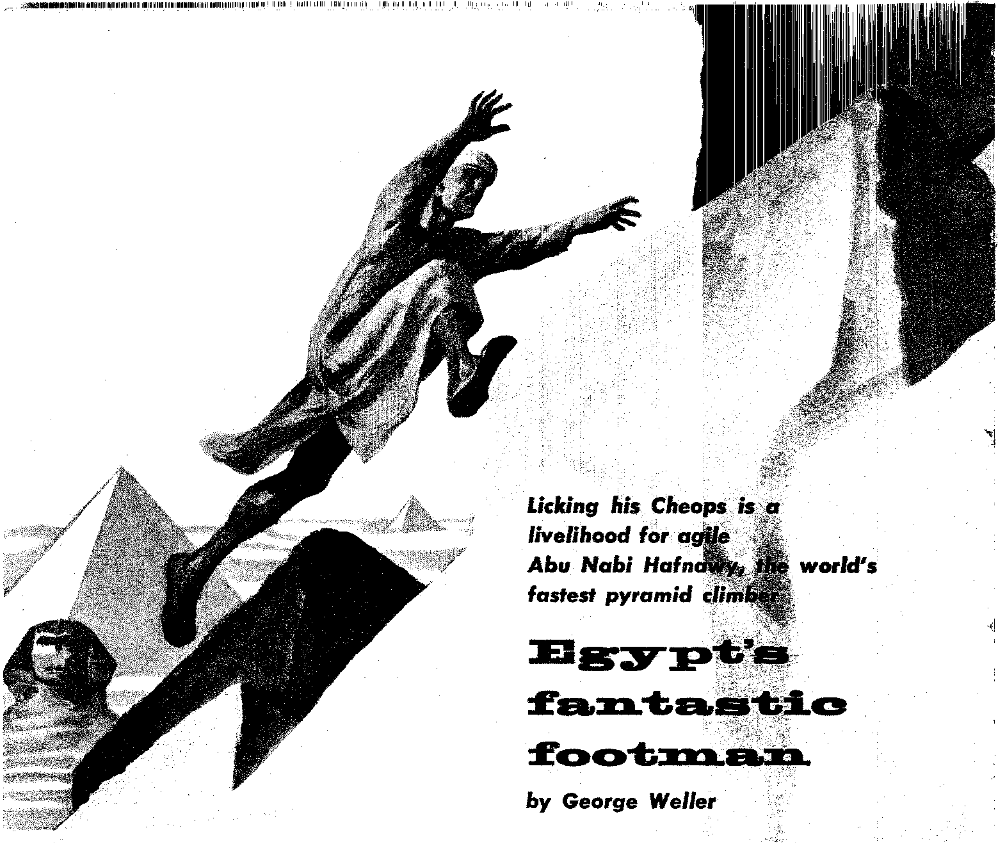
THE STORY OF THE hard-working widower and his self-reliant children prompted a Chicago newspaper, "The Daily Calumet," to sponsor him in the city's 1957 "Homemaker of the Year" contest. Zions won, the first man ever to do so, but was so embarrassed he could barely bring himself to attend the ceremony at which he was given a handsome trophy. Now, his kids teasingly call it "Dad's 'Mother of the Year' award." And Zions does mother his family. He knows he can't replace the mother they lost, but he is trying. He lavishes loving care on all the children—affectionately cuddling baby Gail (above, left). Several days a week he studies over the ads announcing special supermarket food sales the way some men study the daily racing form.

Discussing boyfriends with Leona (below) is difficult for Zions. He tells her to forget housework and go out more. Later (right), he seeks advice from his 70-year-old mother.





Licking his Cheops is a livelihood for agile Abu Nabi Hafnawy, the world's fastest pyramid climber

Egypt's fantastic footman

by George Weller

THE MOST ODDLY TALENTED legs in Africa are those of a sand-colored, cross-eyed, 30-year-old Egyptian with the musical name of Abu Nabi Hafnawy. These legs have made him champion at a sport unique to Egypt; pyramid climbing. They can carry him to the top of the Great Pyramid of Cheops, 480 feet above the desert, *and down again,* in six minutes. For this feat his price is five Egyptian pounds, or $14.

From heel to knee, the legs beneath Hafnawy's ankle-length *galabieh,* or Nile nightshirt, are the ordinary river reeds of the underfed Egyptian. But from the tight, small knees up to the spare hips, his thighs, the tools by which he conquers the great pile built by Cheops' 100,000 slaves, are like molasses jugs, big and hard as muscle can be.

"Fantastic, hey?" says Abu Nabi with unabashed narcissism.

Anyone who thinks pyramid climbing is easy can test himself on a handy skyscraper. To match Hafnawy for altitude, it is necessary to climb about 35 stories in four minutes and a half, and then come down again in something like 90 seconds.

On *his* way up, the steps confronting Hafnawy are not the easy risers of a regular staircase. They are great blocks of stone weighing two to ten tons. Stripped by vandals of their one-time neat limestone surfacing, they are raw and irregular. Climbing Cheops is really running a vertical obstacle course. For the slanting face of the Great Pyramid is like a ruined stadium with tiers of seats built for people 12 feet tall, with six-foot legs. The champion must jump, jump and jump again, going upward from two to four feet every time.

Abu Nabi has no time to pause at the top to cool off, nor to admire the Sphinx, couched like a human-headed kitten far below him. He has barely time to fling high his arms, let out a faint yell, and start down.

When he comes down, he almost flies. He zigzags from one colossal block to the next, now scuttering like a lizard, now dropping like a toad in a protective crouch, now floating like one of the hawks that wheel around Cheops' summit. He arrives at the bottom with sweat pouring from his body and his overworked heart trying in its torture to jump out of his rib cage.

Because of his status as champion, Abu Nabi is excused from working out in the sun or leading camels like the ordinary guides. He has a sinecure inside the Great Pyramid where he leads perspiring tourists, their backs humbly bent, up the low, sloping tunnel to the shattered granite tomb where Cheops once lay.

While he has them thus at his mercy, Abu Nabi tries to wheedle them into promising to go to the top with him; or, failing that, to pay him to go up. The more daring accept the climb. A few make it up in 20 minutes, most in a half hour.

If they seem discouraged by the difference between their time and his, he saves their face with a gentle grin. "You feet too big," he says kindly.

A year ago, Abu Nabi did a six-minute climb for Tito, and the portly Croat dictator gave him a gold cigarette case. It was the first time Hafnawy had ever been paid in terms of honor rather than hard cash. It pleased him immensely.

Flushed with new prestige, he did something he had never quite dared before: he chose a girl and got married. This bold step left him with a new young wife to keep happy, as well as an elderly father and mother to support.

"These day I feel different," the champion admits. "Married man. Not go up stone so quick like before. Six minute still can do. But get tired. Some time now tell tourist seven minute, maybe even eight minute. Tourist, he not know. Still fantastic, eight minute."

Abu Nabi is an unspoiled champion. He lives, like every Egyptian, in the hope of making a big killing. And he came near to it one day last year.

King Saud, just back from the U.S., watched through his near-sighted eyes the scrawny little figure scrambling up the "mountain of the Pharaohs." And he gave Abu Nabi a thousand pounds ($2,800). The champion did as he would have done with Cheops: he kissed the King's hands. ♛ ♛ ♛

GOD'S SINGING MESSENGERS

On the Sunday afternoon of the gospel concert at last year's Newport Jazz Festival, the stadium was less than half full. Fans wandered in dubiously and took their seats with amused expressions.

Out onto the stage, shyly yet with dignity, walked a slight woman dressed in a long, flowing gown of white. She sat down at the piano. Following her came five other women dressed in filmy gowns of pink, yellow, blue and orange.

They seemed nervous as they arranged themselves around a microphone and the woman at the piano, Clara Ward, played a few bars of introduction. They glanced at each other as though to muster strength. And then with a smiling placidity—they sang.

Rhythmic, high, clear, in perfect harmony they sang, the words in metered, driving cadence, underscored by the piano. They began to clap their hands; and within seconds, hundreds in the audience were clapping with them. The singers threw back their heads and went into a second chorus, fervent and joyous. The voice of one, a young girl of ample girth, soared above the others, whose voices beat a counterpoint behind her.

One critic wrote: ". . . The concert . . . generated the most fantastic rhythmic excitement I have ever heard . . . I simply could not stop tapping—stomping—my feet, and I had all I could do to keep from shouting."

That same excitement is being repeated night after night, nowadays, in vast concert halls and small church auditoriums, in tobacco barns and in people's front yards, all across the nation. For gospel singing is enjoying an unprecedented boom—not only in the U.S., but in England and on the Continent.

by Richard Gehman

Last year, the Ward Singers—Clara Ward, her mother, sisters and other singers—traveled around the country singing the gospel; and their appearances, plus sales of sheet music and records, grossed over $500,000. In fact, gospel singers have forged their art into a business now grossing, in the estimate of New York promoter Joe Bostic, around $15,000,000 annually.

The gospel as sung today is a new kind of Negro music. Its chief practitioners—Mahalia Jackson, acknowledged the queen of the gospeleers, the Ward Singers, the Statesman Quartet, the Drinkard Family, the Back Home Choir and others—are attracting huge audiences wherever they go. Clara Ward and her group began a tour in mid-August that wound up in a sell-out performance in New York's Carnegie Hall.

There are four good reasons for the current popularity of gospel music: (1) The religious revival which has been in force since the end of World War II, and which has been bolstered and re-emphasized in recent years by the deep religious convictions of President Eisenhower.

(2) The trouble in the South, which has brought about a heightened interest in the Negroes and their cultural activities.

(3) The many appearances on radio and television of Mahalia Jackson and other singers (there are five daily gospel radio programs in the New York area alone).

(4) The simple fact that gospel music is stirring, soulful, melodic, colorful, not untouched by humor . . . and altogether wonderful.

Gospel singers are like the roving minstrels of the Middle Ages—they travel constantly, playing for what they can get. A gospel group will play for $2,000 one night in a huge

Mahalia Jackson (right) and Clara Ward (left, in white) are leading exponents of a handclapping, hauntingly rhythmic music called gospel singing. Enjoying an unprecedented boom, the music brings the word of God to millions—and a golden flood of some $15,000,000 annually

Traveling in a custom-made Chrysler, the Ward Singers last year played over 40 engagements in six weeks on a countrywide tour.

auditorium like the Baltimore Coliseum, for instance, and be satisfied to take home $83 the next night from a small church in the backwoods of Virginia or Tennessee.

They travel mainly in private cars —and they sing as they ride. Most singers are morose and moody on hops between engagements; they worry about their throats, their appearances, and whether or not their accommodations will be satisfactory. The gospel singers keep their spirits up by singing to each other—and they develop a kind of intuitive group feeling that enables them, in public appearances, to appear to be working telepathically.

Gospel singers are deeply religious. They believe what they sing—and they live as they believe. A couple of years ago, Joyce Bryant, a nightclub singer, caused a minor sensation by declaring that she was giving up her nightclub career because her religious beliefs would no longer permit her to sing anything but religious music. "I didn't know what really living could be until I started singing gospel," she says.

Mahalia Jackson, a huge woman with an astonishing range that goes from a falsetto to a near-bass will not sing in a nightclub. "It's not the place for my kind of singing," she says. The Statesmen, a quartet, recently refused a huge sum in Las Vegas because, as their leader, Rev. Hovie Lister, explains, "The seriousness of our work wouldn't let us accept."

The spirit is not only sincere—it is infectious. Not even the most reserved member of a gospel-concert audience can help being caught up by their own emotions. Faintings are common. The gospel singers say, good-naturedly, that people who faint are "sanctified."

"We had over 500 people sanctified at a concert in Washington one night," Clara Ward says. "My, it was wonderful." Modestly, she neglects to add that over 25,000 were present.

Gospel audiences become "sanctified" not only because of the music, but because the words themselves are so compelling. Even on the silent printed page, Clara Ward's "Redeemed" sweeps up a reader so that he begins to hear music and feel the beat in his head. It goes in part:

Redeemed, redeemed, redeemed,
redeemed,
I've been washed in the blood of
the lamb.
Redeemed, redeemed, redeemed,
redeemed,
I've been washed in the blood of
the lamb.
When Jesus was eating at the last
Passover,
Judas was resting on His shoulder,

He spoke these words and they
were right,
One of you are going to betray me
tonight,
They began to inquire within saying,
Which of us will do this awful
thing?
Mark cried out saying—Lord, is
it I?
James cried out saying—Lord, is
it I?
Simon cried out saying—Lord, is
it I?
John cried out saying—Lord, is
it I?
Judas being that deceitful man
It was he who betrayed that innocent lamb
Thirty pieces of silver—it was
done,
Out in the woods himself he hung
Redeemed, redeemed, redeemed,
redeemed.
I've been washed in the blood of
the lamb. . . .

Sophisticates may criticize this simple poem's scansion and childish language. The gospel singers do not care. They are only interested in getting across their message, and they do that with rare power and effectiveness. And their efforts are being recognized even in circles that ordinarily regard religious feeling with disdain.

The original form of present-day gospel singing was the body of hymns chanted by slaves in the canebrakes and cotton fields of Southern plantations. That music was one of the well-springs of jazz. The traditional blues came out of those hymns. Today, the influence of gospel on popular music is still strong. Al Hibbler, the blind singer so popular among rock 'n' rollers, has consciously or unconsciously incorporated gospel-influenced phrasing, intonation and breathing into most of his records, and many of his numbers have a deeply religious theme. Some of the name bands have incorporated gospel into their repertoires, too.

The first spiritual singers to attract attention were the Fisk Jubilee Singers, from Fisk, a school in Nashville, Tennessee, and the Tuskegee Singers, from Tuskegee Institute in Alabama. Singers from these two schools began touring the country at the turn of the century, offering spirituals and hymns of their race. The music—always concerned with heartaches, trouble, life after death—wasn't very cheerful.

Then came national acceptance of jazz during the late '20s and early '30s, and the great Negro jazz men and women brought a new dimension to the music of their race. Then jazz, which had come out of the religious music, went back into it. Gospel singing began to change. There was a new exhilaration now—hopefulness, and the joy of worshipping.

One of the people most affected by this new mood and attitude was Mahalia Jackson, who was born in New Orleans in 1911. Her father worked as a longshoreman and barber during the week and preached on Sundays.

As a girl, Mahalia was permitted to hear only sacred music. Nevertheless, she managed to listen to some of the records of Bessie Smith, Ida Cox and other great blues singers. Without realizing it, she gradually picked up some of their vocal techniques.

Mahalia loved to sing; she sang in her father's choir on Sundays, and joined with various neighborhood groups that visited other churches. Little by little she developed a unique style; she put not only religious feeling into her voice, but also a proud awareness of the best elements of her race's music. In her spare time she traveled with a choir that worked for silver offerings in various churches.

In 1934, a scout for Decca Records heard her and signed her. In 1945, her record of "Move On Up A Little Higher" became the first big gospel hit. It sold over a million copies.

In the gospel world, it is generally conceded that Mahalia was the first to "break through"—that is, to demonstrate that gospel had a universal appeal. She has appeared in concert halls in Denmark, France and in the Holy Land. Now recording for Columbia Records, she is one of their best-selling artists.

Clara Ward is the second most important figure in gospel. Born in Philadelphia 35 years ago, she was taught to sing by her mother, a church choir leader, who still sings with the famous Ward Singers.

Clara's early education was sketchy, as Mahalia Jackson's was, but she was firmly grounded in music. Her first engagement, in a church, brought her $5. Since then she has earned over $5,000 for a single evening's work. One of her records, "Surely God Is Able," hit the million mark in sales.

Several years ago, Clara made a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, which served to inspire her to greater efforts in behalf of the music she and her group sing. She later described it as the greatest thrill of her life. "The Ward Singers and I will sing better because of it," she said.

Neither Clara nor Mahalia are surprised by the gospel boom. "It was bound to come," they say. Clara adds, "People got so much on their minds, they just naturally turn to Jesus for help and comfort. And we sing the songs about Jesus and the Bible—some of them we made up, some are adapted from the old songs. So, isn't it natural for troubled people to turn to us?"

Apparently it is. The Rev. Hovie Lister of The Statesmen has hundreds of letters from people who have found new faith and inspiration from gospel singing. They indicate conclusively that it can be a tremendous force in bringing all races together under God.

◆

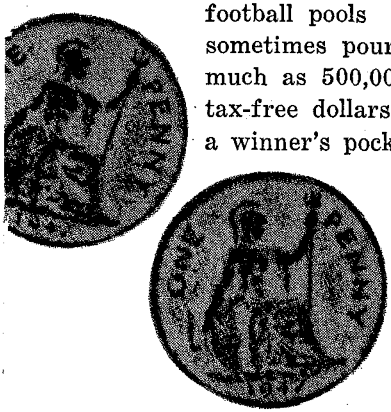
Small Talk

ON HER first day of school a little girl warned her mother: "Remember, Mommy, you're going to have to find another playmate now that I'll be gone all day." —*Dixie Roto Magazine*

A SMALL BOY'S examination paper contained this definition: "The equator is a menagerie lion running around the earth's middle." —ROY A. BRENNER by Graham Fisher

THE GOLIATH OF JACKPOTS

For a two-cent bet, Britain's giant football pools sometimes pour as much as 500,000 tax-free dollars into a winner's pocket



One evening early last November, little Mrs. Nellie McGrail, a 34-year-old widow of Reddish, England, was finishing up her supper dishes when a knock came on the door. Mrs. McGrail, who had two young daughters and worked as a $15-a-week mail-order clerk, dried her hands on her apron and went wearily to the door.

"Prepare youself for a shock, Mrs. McGrail—a pleasant shock," said one of the two men standing outside.

It proved a pleasant shock indeed, for they brought news that she had won over half a million dollars in one of Britain's weekend football pools.

By correctly forecasting eight football games which ended in ties, little Mrs. McGrail had won the staggering sum of $574,658, tax-free, with a bet of two pence (a little over 2¢). It was the biggest jackpot in the 35-year history of the pools. (Three months later a young warehouse man topped Mrs. McGrail's windfall by a mere $2,220. And two months after that, a $22-a-week London lamplighter lifted the all-time record to $585,421.20 when he hit with a 35-cent bet.)

In recent years, taking bets on the results of big-league football (soccer) games has become Britain's seventh biggest industry. One fifth of the entire population has a bet of some sort on the weekly football games, and a total of more than $200,000,000 is won and lost in the course of the season.

For eight months of the year (August through April), it is as though the whole of Britain had been turned into one vast, extremely well-organized and surprisingly honest betting den. In clubs and pubs, on buses and trains, at meal-tables at home and in washrooms at work, 10,000,000 Britons spend their spare time filling in the gaily colored betting slips. They queue up in post offices for postal orders to mail with their forecasts. On Saturday nights they huddle tightly round radios and TV sets to check off the results of the day's games. On Tuesday, those who have come close to correctly forecasting the games discover whether they have won merely a few cents or a top jackpot running into hundreds of thousands of dollars.

NEWS OF A BIG WIN affects people in different ways. Little Mrs. McGrail, for instance, bought herself a new hair-do, a $75 evening gown, a $270 fur stole and a new house. She bought her young daughters new school uniforms and a $140,000 trust fund. She gave $112,000 to her parents, another large sum to her grandparents in Canada, and made generous donations to the local hospital and the National Playing Fields Association. What was left she invested for herself.

On the other hand, a man who won $168,000 went on a binge which culminated in his buying the hotel where he did the celebrating. When he sobered up, he advised future winners: "Change your address, lock your doors, stay home, tear up all begging letters and never sign anything."

Worried by the adverse publicity which stems from this sort of thing, Littlewoods Pools, Ltd., one of the largest football betting firms in Britain, now gives each of its big-money winners a booklet on "Safe Investment." In the case of Mrs. McGrail, the firm set up a committee of lawyers and accountants to advise her on what to do with her money and how to keep the con-men and beggars away.

A few cautious winners need no advice, like the Scot who won $180,000. As he listened to the news of his big win, he carefully stubbed out his half-smoked cigarette and tucked what was left behind one ear.

"Mustna waste cigarettes," he said. "It's a fairfu' lot of money a'right, but cigarettes (55¢ for 20 in Britain) are a fair price, too."

Ernest Taylor, a Yorkshire milkman who won $210,000, carried on with his deliveries as usual, except that he bought each of his 240 customers a capon for Christmas.

Asked if he was going to spend any more of the money, he observed thoughtfully, "Well, I might get half a dozen pigs. I can feed them on the surplus milk."

The men who run them claim that Britain's football pools are not gambling. Their advertising refers to the betting slips as "coupons," the stake-money as the "investment" and the winnings as "dividends." Clergymen, some politicians and the poorly paid professional football players themselves, however, do not regard it in quite the same rosy light.

But Britain's man-in-the-street sees a big win as his only real chance of escaping the dreary monotony of workaday life. Week after week he sends in his stake-money and betting slip, hoping desperately for a correct prediction of next Saturday's games.

One bettor in three gets a win of some sort in the course of the average football season, but only one in 40 ends the season with even a small profit. Each week one or two—like Mrs. McGrail—emerge with a big enough jackpot to buy a fleet of Rolls Royces, a Park Lane mansion or a Pacific island.

From the 60-odd major league games played each week, the pools' promoters select the most difficult to forecast. You can predict the results of 14 of them, pick out five teams you think will win their away games, or like Mrs. McGrail—try to select eight games which you feel will end in ties.

Tie games are the most difficult to predict, and for each one he picks successfully the forecaster is awarded three points. A home win brings one point and an away win two. The forecaster who gets the most points can go right out in search of his Pacific island or Park Lane mansion. He's got it made.

For the British government does not regard betting winnings as income in the normal sense of the word, and hence they are not taxable. But the government insures a steady income from this betting gold mine by leveling a special 30 percent tax on the pools firms, while the post office rakes in another $2,503,000 a year in mail charges.

The majority of bettors fill out their coupons according to the advice given by their favorite newspaper sports writer. A few try to do it scientifically, maintaining form books and elaborate graphs showing the games won and lost by each team. Some adopt the relatively simple system of sticking a pin into the list of games.

One woman, who won $2,240, revealed that her system was to sit at a window with her coupon. If a man walked by in the street outside, she marked the next game as a home win. A woman passer-by meant an away win, a child hop-skip-and-jumping along the street, a tie game. The odds against picking eight tie games are astronomical.

Legally, teenagers are barred from playing the pools. But thousands do, and plan to lie about their ages if they have a big win.

One teenager who won a minor jackpot was away from home when the pool's representative called with the winning check. Mom answered the door instead, took one look at the size of the check and exclaimed excitedly, "Now Joe will be able to have a real slap-up party for his 21st birthday."

"Is that so?" said the man from the pool. "If he's not 21, he doesn't get it." And back went the check into his pocket.

Those who are sure of making big money from the pools are the men who run the betting firms, like John and Cecil Moores, who control one of the largest of the 30-odd now operating in Britain. Thirty-five years ago, John Moores was an $11-a-week telegrapher working for a cable company in Liverpool. His brother had an equally poorly paid job with a bank in Manchester.

They sent out their first betting coupons from the sitting room of a small house John and his wife rented for $1 a week. Their top jackpot that first week was $7. Five years later, as football betting became a national craze, they were already millionaires from the 2.2 percent they admit to taking from the weekly stake money as their profit. Today, they have a personal fortune of not less than $28,000,000 each.

They are scrupulously careful that not the slightest finger of suspicion can be pointed at the giant football betting setup on which their fortunes are based. At 2:30 each Saturday afternoon, when the major league football games start, an iron curtain of security descends on the big building near Liverpool where the stake money is counted and the betting slips checked.

Once the games have started, no one is allowed in or out of the building. Radio sets are banned and no telephone calls are permitted. In this way, the 12,000 girls employed as cashiers, checkers and sorters have no indication as to how the games are going. Eagle-eyed security men prowl the building, alert for frauds.

Crooks and tricksters have tried almost every conceivable method to penetrate the security curtain. One, disguised as a street musician, wandered up and down outside the building with a tin whistle, trying to code the results of the games to an accomplice inside. It didn't work.

Any betting coupon rating a win of more than $280 is carefully scrutinized by security men, who have an almost infallible knack for spotting "a wrong 'un." One of them goes along in person to pay out any win over $5,600. He asks the fortunate winner to produce his own duplicate copy of the winning forecast and makes him write his name and address for comparison with the writing on the submitted coupon.

For their big-money winners, the pools stage lavish presentation ceremonies at swank London hotels. Mrs. McGrail, for instance, was whisked away by Rolls Royce to a posh Park Lane hotel, where comedian Norman Wisdom presented her with the fabulous winning check. She was featured on TV and in the newspapers, all of which caused a big jump in stake-money the following week as thousands of additional Britons sent their pennies in pursuit of the biggest pipe dream in history.

Lady Maverick

A KANSAS WOMAN TELLS of going to the city to attend a cattlemen's convention. She made up her mind that she would have something unusual to wear on the trip, so she made herself a blouse and embroidered it with every cattle brand she knew of.

In the hotel where the cattle folks were staying, she waited while her husband registered, and noticed two old cattlemen really giving her blouse the once-over. Finally one of them remarked in a voice that could be heard way up the canyon: "That critter sure has changed hands a lot, ain't she?" *—Ness County News*

LOOking for Something?

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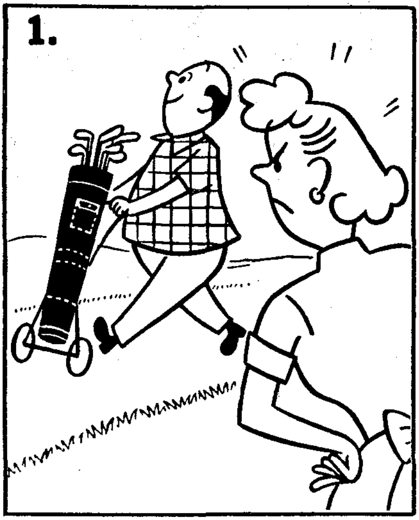

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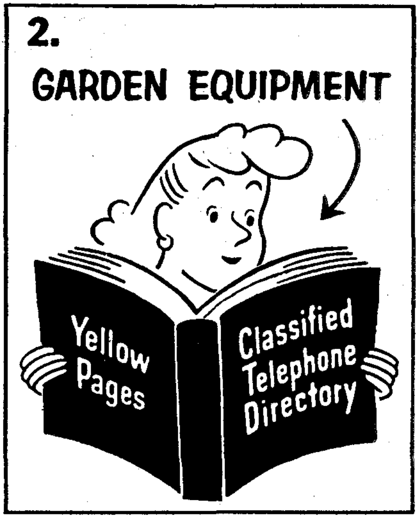
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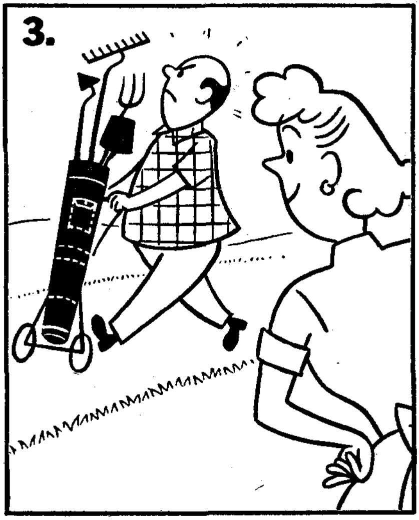

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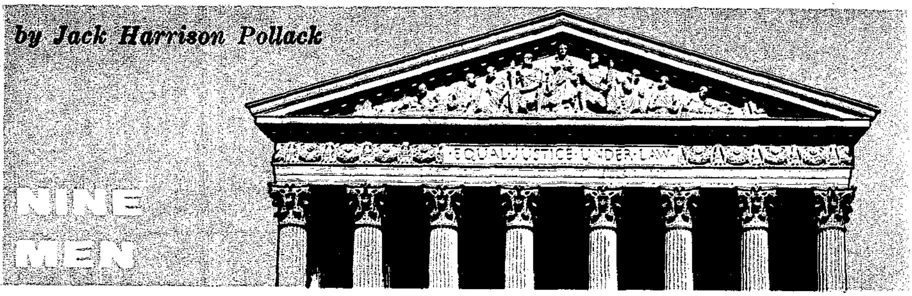
by Jack Harrison Pollack



NINE MEN WHO DEFEND AMERICA

Ruling on over 1,500 vital cases a year, the U.S. Supreme Court is the bulwark of our way of life

DEFENDERS of the United States Supreme Court, presently in its 169th year, claim that the Court is the only branch of government now upholding the American way of life. Critics insist, equally heatedly, that the Court is tearing it down. Whatever the case, our Supreme Court, the nation's highest tribunal, traditionally takes any boosts or brickbats in stride.

As Uncle Sam's umpire, it is more powerful than any judicial body on earth. It has even been called "the Supremest Court in the World." Many strong Presidents, including both Roosevelts, Lincoln and Jefferson, have been restrained by it. Moreover, the Court has declared countless laws and activities of Congress unconstitutional.

Besides ruling on some of the most momentous issues of our day, the Supreme Court also passes on such questions as: Is professional baseball as a sport exempt from anti-trust laws? Are TV giveaway programs lotteries and therefore illegal?

Most of all, the Justices have tried to guard our liberties. Thanks to strong Supreme Court rulings in the past, today you are guaranteed a fair trial and are protected, while in custody, against the possible use of third-degree methods by police.

Since our Supreme Court first met in the Wall Street section of New York City in 1790, only 91 Justices have served on it—several for over 30 years.

The Court's members are appointed for life by the President and the membership changes only when a Justice dies, resigns or retires. Our present nine Justices are: Hugo Black, Felix Frankfurter, William O. Douglas, Harold H. Burton, Tom C. Clark, Earl Warren, John Marshall Harlan, William J. Brennan and Charles E. Whittaker.

The white-marbled Supreme Court building in Washington is patterned after one of the seven wonders of the ancient world: the Temple of Diana in the Greek city of Ephesus. Before our judicial shrine was completed in 1935, the Court was housed like a poor relation in the Capitol across the Plaza.

Each year approximately a half-million people now visit the Court's inspiring Temple of Justice. But the late Justice Louis D. Brandeis, who with Oliver Wendell Holmes was noted as a dissenter, always felt uncomfortable there because it was too elaborate for his simple tastes.

The Parthenon-like entrance leads to the breathtaking 44-foot-high Courtroom which has 24 gleaming columns of Sienna marble from Italy. The Courtroom walls are finished in an ivory marble from Spain. One wall depicts nine law-givers who lived *before* Christ, including Moses, Solomon, Hammurabi and Confucius. The opposite wall portrays nine law-givers who lived *after* Christ, including Justinian, Mohammed, Blackstone and America's John Marshall.

Ironically, until a public address system was installed about three years ago, it was difficult for the justices, lawyers and spectators sitting in the 316 available seats to hear what was being said in this courtroom. Justice Frankfurter once complained, "The acoustics should be declared unconstitutional!"

Promptly at noon, when the Court is in session, between October and June, the nine Justices dramatically march into the hushed Courtroom in their black robes. These robes, which are long enough to look dignified but short enough so that the Justices do not trip over them, cost from $90 to $120 and are usually given to the Justices by friends or admirers.

At the center of the Court's long mahogany bench presides Chief Justice Warren. To his right and left sit the eight Associate Justices—in order of their seniority. Their seats change as their seniority changes. Only one man has sat in all nine places: Chief Justice Harlan Stone, who moved from the Junior to the Senior Associate Justiceship before being appointed Chief Justice.

While the Justices take their seats, the Court Crier traditionally intones: "Oyez! Oyez! Oyez! The Honorable, the Chief Justice and the Associate Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States. . . . All persons having business before the Honorable, the Supreme Court of the United States, are admonished to draw near and give their attention, for the Court is now sitting. God save this United States and this Honorable Court."

To practice before the Supreme Court, lawyers must first be presented by other lawyers who are so qualified, and pay a $25 admission fee. They must also have practiced three years at the bar of the highest court of their state. Though formal clothes were once required, most lawyers now wear dark business suits.

After new lawyers are admitted, the Chief Justice generally calls the first case. The lawyer of the person bringing the case to the court—the Appellant (or Petitioner) — opens the argument and also has the right to close it. He is generally allowed an hour to present his argument, which is usually enough as the Justices have already read the briefs.

The Justices often interrupt counsel with pointed queries, and this time is, in most cases, taken out of the lawyer's hour. When it is up, a red light flashes. The lawyer of the defendant Appellee (or Respondent) is also usually allowed an hour to present his argument. At 2 o'clock sharp, the Court recesses a half hour for lunch; promptly at 4:30 P.M. it adjourns for the day.

At the Justices' private conferences, the newest member of the Court traditionally votes first, so he will not be inhibited by his older colleagues. Formerly, the Justices' conferences were held on Saturday. But since Chief Justice Warren took office, the Court has been on a five-day week and the conferences have been moved to Friday.

MONDAY is the only day when decisions are handed down, and this is the first order of business after new admissions to the bar are made. Since 1946, these decisions have been printed in the basement of the Supreme Court building—in a room which is harder to crash than Fort Knox—by a small, confidential staff from the Government Printing Office.

The decisions are well-guarded because any advance "leak" of a forthcoming Supreme Court decision—which often affects the entire U. S. economy—might enable a speculator to profit from the knowledge.

Only once has this trust been violated. In 1897, a Court employee "leaked" information that the Court was about to uphold the Bell Telephone Company in a patent suit. The company's stock soared.

The Justices can refuse to hear a case which even the President or Congress brings before them if they feel the issue is not sufficient to warrant review.

Several years ago, a professional pianist complained to the Court that she had practiced "normally" for many years in her apartment until other tenants suddenly protested to the apartment manager. "It is not my fault that the tenant below is allergic to noise," she wrote in her brief, which she insisted "affected the rights of all people in the United States who play the piano." The unmusical-minded Court, however, refused to pass on her case and left it as the lower court decided it.

If four of the nine Justices vote to hear a case, a *writ of certiorari* is granted—and the case is heard.

The Justices now pass on between 1,500 and 2,000 cases a year—the highest number in history. Though only about 200 of them require arguments and written decisions, all are deliberated upon. Believing that "Justice delayed is Justice denied," the Court members work hard to keep up-to-date.

During the summer, one Justice is generally on hand to consider emergency applications, as for a stay of a death sentence. The Court called a special term several years ago to hear the Rosenberg spy case; and before that, to hear the case of the Nazi saboteurs. Sometimes, the Court works overtime in a special term in July as it did last year to rule on the Girard case.

To help them in their research, each Justice is allowed a maximum of two law clerks and the Chief Justice, three. These clerks, who are in their late 20s and chosen by each Justice from the top graduates of outstanding law schools, serve one to two years at $5,000 to $6,500 a year salaries. Some former law clerks include Truman's ex-Secretary of State Dean Acheson, Franklin D. Roosevelt's former U. S. Attorney General Francis Biddle; and FDR's former Securities and Exchange Commission Chairman James M. Landis.

Today, the average Justice is 63. They range from 75-year-old Frankfurter to 52-year-old Brennan. In early days, the average Justice was 47 when appointed. The Constitution does not prescribe any minimum age for Justices as it does President (35). When appointed in 1939, Justice Douglas was only 40—the youngest since Massachusetts' 32-year-old Joseph Story was named in 1811.

Besides age, the Constitution does not require any special qualifications of Justices as to citizenship, background or legal ability. Not all are former judges. Many of the ablest came to the Court directly out of politics, as did Chief Justice Warren who was governor of California when appointed.

Thus far, President Eisenhower has appointed four members— Warren, New York's Harlan, New Jersey's Brennan and Kansas' Whittaker.

A President's influence often continues for years through his Supreme Court appointments, as it did through President Harding's four "conservative" Justices in the '20s and '30s, and Roosevelt's eight "liberal" ones in the '40s and '50s. Three members of the present Court—Black, Frankfurter and Douglas—were named by FDR. Harry Truman appointed two—Burton and Clark.

Ironically, many Presidents have been unhappy because the Justices they appointed did not follow their own expected philosophies. Supreme Court members have always been jealous of their independence—even of the Presidents who appointed them. To insure their complete independence, our Constitution says that Justices shall be appointed for life by the President, with the advice and consent of the Senate, and they can be removed only by impeachment.

Only one Justice has ever been impeached. In 1804, Maryland's Samuel Chase was impeached by the Jefferson-controlled House of Representatives for making Federalist stump speeches from the bench. But the Senate refused to convict him. Chase was acquitted, and remained on the Court until he died.

In 1955, Congress raised Justices' salaries from $25,000 to $35,000 a year; traditionally, the Chief Justice gets $500 more than the others.

One of the duties of Chief Justice is swearing in new Presidents. Chief Justice Roger Brooke Taney swore in nine Presidents between 1836-64. The only man in U. S. history who was both President and Chief Justice was William Howard Taft.

Some Chief Justices have been quite frank about the Court's powers. "The Constitution is what the judges (of the Supreme Court) say it is," Charles Evans Hughes once wrote. Former Chief Justice Harlan Stone added, "The only check upon our own exercise of power is our own sense of self-restraint."

But Jefferson, who was jealous of

the Court's *separate* but *equal* powers, wrote in 1820: "It is a very dangerous doctrine to consider the judges (of the Supreme Court) as the ultimate arbiters of all Constitutional questions."

Originally, the Court had only a Chief Justice and four Associate Justices. But three months after its first meeting, a fifth justice was named. Congress increased the number to nine in 1869.

Probably the Court's stormiest era was during the Civil War when Lincoln tried to undo the results of the Dred Scott decision. In 1936, another strong-willed President, FDR, boldly tried to add six new Justices to the Court, after it declared his NRA (National Recovery Act) unconstitutional. Though his Court "packing plan" backfired on Roosevelt, it partly persuaded the Court to reverse itself so that wiseacres then quipped, "A switch in time saves nine."

Today, the Supreme Court is again under attack. Virginia Senator Harry F. Byrd recently lashed out at it as "the greatest menace to free government." But throughout history, the Court has shown a new vitality when under fire.

Despite its shortcomings, our Supreme Court has retained the confidence of Americans more steadfastly than any other branch of government, probably because it has resisted the "passions of the moment," as our founding fathers wanted it to. Deep down, the American respects his Supreme Court—in many ways, oddly, as Britishers do their Kings and Queens.

Last July, at the American Bar Association convention in England, short-sighted attacks were made on the Court for its recent civil liberty decisions. It took a wise Englishman named Winston Churchill—one of the greatest living champions of liberty and dignity—to rise then to the defense with the reminder that the U. S. Supreme Court "has been the guardian and upholder of American liberty. Long may it thrive!"

Candid Comments

AN OLD-TIMER may remember when a girl didn't care whether spinning wheels had white side-wall tires or not.

—BERT KRUSE (*Quote*)

THE MINUTE MEN of today are those who can make it to the refrigerator and back with a sandwich while the commercial is on.

—*The Auburn Plainsman*

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by Frank Cameron

THE BRACEROS' WEIRD NIGHTMARE OF DEATH

In California, a sinister and mysterious dream seems to slay Mexican migrant workers in their sleep

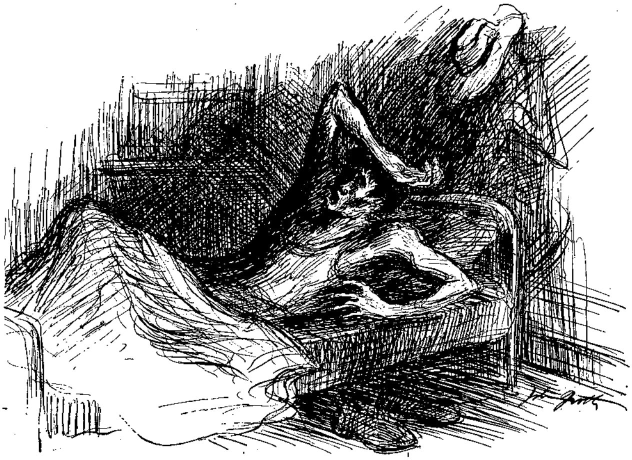
MANUEL ARAIZA was a well-developed young Mexican, 27 years old, about 165 lbs, approximately 5′ 5″ tall. On the morning of December 10, 1956, his body, still slightly warm, was found in his bed on a ranch in East Palo Alto, California.

"There is no evidence of trauma or recent external injury. . . ." the pathologist's autopsy report stated.

Yet a perfectly healthy young man lay dead. True, the pathologist noted some congestion in the lungs, but this was pretty clearly not the primary cause of death. A microscopic examination of all the vital organs was scarcely more revealing.

Puzzled, Paul Jensen, Coroner of San Mateo County, turned from the autopsy report to the laboratory report of Lowell W. Bradford, Consultant in Criminalistics. This showed a minute amount of alcohol in Araiza's blood but no barbiturates, related sedatives, organic drugs or poisons.

Araiza was a *bracero*—an agricultural worker brought into the U.S. from Mexico under supervised terms of contract. There are thousands like him on Western and Southwestern ranches and farms today. He had worked normally the previous day, had made no complaints and appeared in good health. In the evening the *bracero* had gone to a movie and then a dance. He was a temperate drinker, with no known enemies. He had returned to his room at night, gone to bed, and died.



What killed Araiza?

For weeks the question

tormented Coroner Jensen and he reported it to a meeting of San Francisco Bay Area coroners. To his surprise, other coroners had encountered similarly puzzling circumstances surrounding the death of Mexicans in California. Immediately they notified the state's Department of Public Health which assigned petite, scholarly Dr. Irma West to investigate.

Dr. West polled those California counties employing large numbers of *braceros*. In San Jose, Antonio Perez, 24 years old, had gone to bed early one night. Four other *braceros* heard him make no complaints of ill health. At 6 A.M. he could not be awakened. There were no indications of violence. The autopsy revealed little. He had been heard to cough in the night.

What killed Antonio Perez?

In Ventura, Hermelindo Cruz Ramos, 44, had apparently gotten up in the middle of the night. He was seen to gesticulate and wave his arms, although he seemed unable to talk. Then he died. Five other men in Ventura County had met deaths as inexplicable.

Dr. West tracked down 18 instances of unexplained deaths known to have occurred in the past 30 months; and indications of a "rash" of such cases just prior to World War II. Hearsay stories were told of two men in separate camps in Ventura County, both of whom had died in the same way at the same time on the same night.

A vague pattern now began to emerge. All victims were Mexicans, usually well-developed physically, and in the prime of life. None had complained of recent serious illnesses. Each had done a good day's work before expiring. In some cases they had eaten hearty, field-hand evening meals, sometimes with generous helpings of rice. But neither the size of the meal nor what they ate nor what they did the night preceding death were indicative facts.

However, in a few instances where witnesses were present, victims had been heard to gasp, groan, moan or choke in the night. One seemed in the grip of a nightmare from which he could not be awakened.

Was this voodoo?

THE SUSPICION was not as ridiculous as it might first seem. A survey of medical literature shows that voodoo, as a cause of death among primitive people, is a medically substantiated fact. But this was not Haiti or the African jungles. These unexplained deaths were taking place in 20th-century America.

Dr. West asked herself what these deaths meant percentagewise. How did they compare to sudden, unexplained deaths among Americans?

The *braceros*, with the exception of illegal "wetbacks," enter the U.S. under strict regulation and only after medical examinations. Records thus established made it simple for Dr. West to calculate that in 1956 about 25 percent of the natural deaths among *braceros* fell in this series of "unexplained deaths."

In 1946, doctors had examined 1,000 unexpected natural deaths among U.S. soldiers, ages 18 to 40, and found no satisfactory explanation for 14 percent of them.

The comparison between the GIs

and the *braceros*, then, showed Dr. West two things. Her minimum 25 percent mortality figure for the sleeping *braceros* was significantly higher than the unexplained maximum of 14 percent for the GIs who, incidentally, died playing ball or writing a letter as often as in their sleep. From this she reasonably concluded that she had a sizable medical mystery on her hands.

To some observers, the clues to the mystery pointed up similarities, via medical literature, to the *bangungut* deaths in the Philippine Islands and among the Filipino residents of Hawaii. The word *bangungut* in the Philippine dialect, Tagalog, conveys the idea of nightmare. There have been more than 120 known *bangungut* deaths in Hawaii over the past 25 years, and 30 were reported and investigated in Manila alone during 1955.

In the Philippine island of Mindoro, for instance, two brothers died within only one night's interval, both in the throes of a nightmare. One Filipino doctor, who succeeded in awakening himself from what might have been a dream death, reported an overwhelming fright during which he was being chased by beasts he could only liken to the Hound of the Baskervilles.

So paralyzing was the fantasy that he was totally unable to lift a finger or call for help. He realized he was dreaming but was powerless to banish a conviction of approaching death. Finally, he found the will to move his body and stop the dream.

Dr. Nils P. Larsen of Honolulu, one of the few medical authorities on the subject of *bangungut*, told Dr. West of numerous cases he had investigated in Hawaii, including that of 34-year-old Mariano Senas who died thrashing and groaning in his sleep—exactly as his father had died a quarter of a century earlier.

Larsen frankly admitted his own bewilderment over the causes of *bangungut* and, while dismissing voodoo, recognized that psychological factors might be involved.

"Once on entering a Hawaiian burial cave," he said, "I suddenly became dizzy—violently ill. It was a week before I recovered and in that time I lost ten pounds. Only then did I hear that the same symptoms are said to attack every person who violates a sacred burial cave. I was lucky. My Hawaiian friends told me the usual outcome was death."

Both Dr. Larsen and Dr. West recognized that the *bangungut* deaths had certain similarities to those occurring in California. All victims were male, well-developed physically and in the 18 to 45 age bracket. Most were laborers.

In Hawaii and the Philippines, the autopsies often showed the victims to have eaten—like the *braceros*—large meals and quantities of rice before retiring. But, perversely, there were also cases where the pre-death meal was light and riceless. In any case, if rice were an important factor, why were there no *bangungut* deaths among Chinese and Japanese in California or either archipelago?

One possible answer to the question came from Dr. C. Manalang who reported his findings in the *Journal of the Philippine Medical*

Association after studying 84 cases in Hawaii.

The hemorrhages of the lungs and pancreas, often noted as being the immediate causes of death, might be brought on in this way: overeating is often associated with nightmares. If, in the case of well-muscled men, these nightmares are violent enough, it is possible that the resulting muscular contractions can increase the volume and pressure of blood in the lungs and heart, overtaxing and rupturing the tiny vessels called capillaries. Thus heart failure and hemorrhages of the lungs and pancreas might be considered symptoms without explaining what preceded the onset of death itself.

But Dr. Manalang's explanation throws no light on why the dream deaths have such strong national traits. Most other theories are also only partially satisfying. Most succeed only in ruling out what might *not* have caused the deaths.

For example, poisoning as a result of contact with pesticides was suspected, yet no *bracero* was known to have been exposed to any such insecticides within a suggestive period of time prior to his fatal sleep.

One by one, the other suspected causes have been viewed skeptically because they fail to fit enough cases.

In Hawaii, the occasionally poisonous puffer fish was suspected; and in the Philippines, a decomposed fish sauce. But neither fish nor sauce explains the absence of women and children among the victims.

There the mystery rests. Perhaps a thousand strong, healthy men have died this strange,unexplained death.

The key of the mystery might well lie in finding out what gives rise to the coughs, the groans, the gesticulations, the nightmares. What food or what fear might have sent an abominable, slavering Hound of the Baskervilles charging through the dreams of Manuel Araiza as he lay sleeping in East Palo Alto on December 10, 1956?

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for the
butterflies

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"Bosh!" some will say. "Christ offered Himself on the cross once and for all. Nothing more is necessary." But wait! Jesus clearly indicated at the Last Supper that more *is* necessary. For after separately changing bread and wine into His Own body and blood . . . signifying the coming surrender of His life on the cross . . . Christ commanded the Apostles: "Do this in remembrance of me."

He was, *obviously, instituting* a continuing sacrifice in which Christians of every generation might join with Him in the most pleasing act of worship that can be offered to God. In this, as in other ways, the Apostles were to act as Christ's earthly ministers . . . as priests in the external offering of the sacrifice. And when they followed Christ's instructions, Our Lord would offer Himself in sacrifice—the victim would be present as He promised.

This is the heart and core of the Mass, which has been the central act of worship in every Catholic Church on the face of the earth since the time of the Apostles. As successors to the Apostles, the bishops and priests at the Mass recite the very words Christ used at the Last Supper. And when this is done, Christ is present on the altar—offering Himself as He had promised, "for the remission of sins." If this were not true, "Do this in remembrance of me" would be empty and meaningless words, which is inconceivable.

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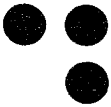
For inventing the first Braille code of mathematics, blind scientist Abe Nemeth has earned the title "Einstein of the sightless"

he made 2+2=



by RICHARD MATCH

OVER A HUNDRED years ago, Louis Braille, a Frenchman, invented the written alphabet of the blind. The American Louis Braille of today is a trim young man with a Madison Avenue haircut who plays a cool jazz piano, teaches higher mathematics at the University of Detroit—and is also blind himself.

His name is Abraham Nemeth, and his "Nemeth Code of Braille Mathematics" has made the world's technical and scientific learning available to thousands of sightless high school and college students. This at a moment when our survival may rest on science and mathematics.

Besides its revolutionary impact on higher mathematics, Abe Nemeth's Code is helping blind grade-school youngsters with their arithmetic, too. For dedicated sighted volunteers like the Braille Group of the Sisterhood of Temple Beth-El in Great Neck, New York, and scores of similar church, synagogue and women's club groups across the country are transcribing ordinary printed textbooks into Braille as part of local programs to "integrate" blind school children into regular public-school classes with sighted children.

Blind since he was six weeks old, Abe Nemeth breezed through special classes for the blind in New York City. Breezed, that is, through every subject except one: arithmetic.

He picked up fluent French from his teachers and Hebrew from his grandfather—by economic circumstance a Kosher butcher on the lower East Side, but in soul and mien an Old Testament patriarch, steeped in the ancient faith, who addressed his God humbly each Sabbath day with a small blind boy at his side.

"Fooling around the piano" in lighter moments, the small boy also taught himself how to play out of Braille music books from the library. (Recently, he compiled and published the standard American "dictionary" of Braille music symbols.)

With an IQ of 148, "genius" level, Abe Nemeth could learn just about anything he put his mind to. But the thing he wanted more than anything was to go to college and major in advanced mathematics. And that, well-meaning guidance counselors advised him, was, for a blind man, an "unattainable" goal.

Accepting the "sensible" alternative, Nemeth went through college to an M.A. in psychology at Columbia University. Then he bumped into a stone wall. There were no jobs for blind psychologists. With two degrees in his pocket, he took a wartime job stitching pillowcases.

In another part of Brooklyn, fate seemed to be dealing harshly with a pretty blind girl named Florence Weissman. Through a friend at the New York Guild for the Jewish Blind, Abe and Florence met. They were married 18 months later and moved into their own third-story walkup apartment, which Abe, an accomplished do-it-yourself carpenter, promptly fitted with new kitchen cabinets.

Although still "legally blind," Florence has since gradually regained partial vision in one eye, enough to read mathematical journals into her husband's tape recorder, help keep his class records straight, and grade student papers.

Abe Nemeth had two loves now, his wife and mathematics, but professional employment agencies continued to receive his advances coldly.

"I'd rather be an unemployed blind mathematician than an unemployed blind psychologist," he told himself, and went back to Brooklyn College at night as a mathematics undergraduate.

"If you're ever going to become a college professor yourself," his bride said logically, "you'll have to learn how to write."

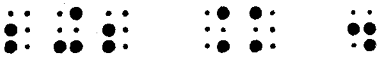
Up to then, the only forms of written communication Nemeth knew were typing and raised-dot Braille, punched out with a pointed stylus. Florence worked with him as a first-grade teacher does with a six-year-old, helping his fingers learn to make unseen lines of ink on paper and chalk on a blackboard.

Every college in the country automatically exempted blind students from "required" math and laboratory science courses. Even special schools for the blind went only as far as high school algebra. Beyond that, there were no Braille books of mathematics, no way of writing them even if anybody wanted to.

In order to wrestle with college mathematics at all, Nemeth had to *invent* a way of expressing unbelievably complicated mathematical symbols and concepts in Braille as he went along. Advanced mathematics relies not only on numbers, but on letters of the English alphabet, the Greek alphabet and others. Hundreds of symbols are needed.

Nemeth first figured out ways to make the 63 available Braille symbols do triple and quadruple duty. Then he converted every problem into uniform little dots evenly spaced along a level line—everything from simple fractions and "plus" and "minus" signs to cube roots and logarithm tables.

For example, in the Nemeth Code, 2+2=4 would be written as:



For a physics lab course, Abe came to class with an armful of special instruments "all geared to be read by touch or sound." He had a Braille micrometer, for instance, and a voltmeter that registered by means of a buzzer instead of a dial.

His favorite, though, was the

Braille slide rule which he invented with a friend at the American Foundation for the Blind, where he was working days now as an office clerk.

The big break came when a regular math instructor fell ill suddenly and the deputy department head, Associate Professor J. M. Wolfe, calmly asked Nemeth to fill in for the semester.

That term Abe taught two nights a week, attended classes as a student two nights more. Weekdays he worked at his office job, and on Saturday nights he played the piano for a dance band in a distant part of the borough.

When he had to re-enroll as a full-time day student at Columbia in order to complete his math studies, Florence paid his way through graduate school by going to work as a dictaphone typist. And the two of them kept the budget in balance by selling life insurance—successfully—in their spare time.

As for his first teaching assignment, Nemeth polished off the job so lovingly that references got him two other temporary substitute-teaching appointments, the second at a Catholic girls' school. Manhattanville College of the Sacred Heart was in suburban Westchester. Abe still lived in Brooklyn. Between the two lay a two-hour train ride, involving subway changes, a commuter railroad, and a short bus hop.

The Sunday before classes began, Nemeth made a "dry run" with a sighted companion, wandering all over Grand Central Station to map the track locations of both levels in his mind. Thereafter, he made the rush-hour safari twice a day, solo, and never missed a class, although he admits that the nuns worried about him during snowstorms.

He carries a collapsible white cane in his briefcase, but seldom bothers to use it. Nor has he ever used a guide dog.

"I have a good sense of direction, I know where I want to go, and I have patience," he says matter-of-factly, adding that this philosophy applies to his way of life as well as to the daily chore of earning a living.

But not by bread alone does Abraham Nemeth make his way. Born into a dedicated Orthodox Jewish home, Nemeth as a boy soaked up Biblical and Talmudic lore by listening to his grandfather hour after hour. For of course there were no religious books either. It was not till 1950 that the Jewish Braille Institute of America, working with rabbinical groups abroad, completed the standard Hebrew-language edition of the Scriptures for blind readers. Abe Nemeth paid a debt of love to his grandfather's memory by serving as proofreader for the world's first Hebrew Braille Bible.

One day the mother of a blind youngster came to the Jewish Braille Institute, troubled. The boy, like all his sighted friends, was nearing the age of Bar Mitzvah, or confirmation. But sighted rabbis were stumped by the task of preparing a sightless boy for the confirmation ceremonies. Must this youngster be deprived of his religious heritage too?

"No," said Nemeth. He rolled up his sleeves, prepared Hebrew-language Braille transcripts of the necessary instructional material, sweat-ed out months on end with the boy. A year-and-a-half later, Nemeth sat in a hushed synagogue and heard his bright young pupil recite the Bar Mitzvah ritual in faultless Hebrew. He has since prepared several other blind boys for this most solemn religious occasion in a Jewish youngster's life.

In 1950, the American Joint Uniform Braille Committee, consisting of ranking American and English educators of the blind, both sighted and sightless, listened to Nemeth explain his Code. A year later, a national conference adopted the Nemeth Code by acclamation, and since 1954, all math textbooks printed for the blind on this continent have been in Nemeth Code.

In 1955, the University of Detroit hired Nemeth to teach theoretical mathematics to sighted college students, something no other blind person had ever done. His schedule runs the gamut from a freshman math survey to differential calculus.

"Putting problems on the blackboard isn't difficult," says Nemeth. "The first line of writing goes at the top of the board—level with the top of my head. The next line is at my eye level, the third at chin level, the one after that at chest level. You just work down." Elementary.

By dint of ingenuity, courage, and their unquenchable love for each other, Abe and Florence Nemeth have built a remarkably normal, happy marriage. But they are the first to admit it wouldn't have been easy without wonderful sighted friends, old and new, who seem to appear magically whenever the situation requires them.

Nemeth will soon receive his Ph. D. in mathematics from Wayne State University, a key scientific doctorate earned by fewer than 250 Americans each year. Now completing his Ph.D. thesis on the mathematics of "electronic brains," he operates a big I.B.M. digital computer regularly, in the course of an original investigative project which, he admits, is "right up there on the frontier" of basic research.

In a world that pushes most of us into compromises and second choices, Abraham Nemeth, who is doing the only work he ever wanted to, considers himself "a fortunate man."

Puzzler Potpourri

(Answers to Quiz on page 49)

1. (a) Edward Everett, the principal speaker, talked for two hours. Lincoln's famous Gettysburg address lasted only a few minutes. 2. (b) 3. (b) 4. (a) 85 miles. Both Mount Whitney, elevation 14,495, and Death Valley, 282, are in California. 5. (c). The technical definition of a "precious stone" requires that it be a mineral dug from the earth. Therefore, jade must be classified as "semi-precious." 6. (b) 7. (b) 8. (b) 9. (a) 10. (b) 11. (a) 12. (b) 13. (a) 14. (b) 15. (a) A billion is a thousand millions in the U.S., but a million millions in Great Britain. 16. (b) 432 million people speak Mandarin (one of the Chinese languages); 139 million, Spanish; 275 million, English. 17. (c) 18. (b).

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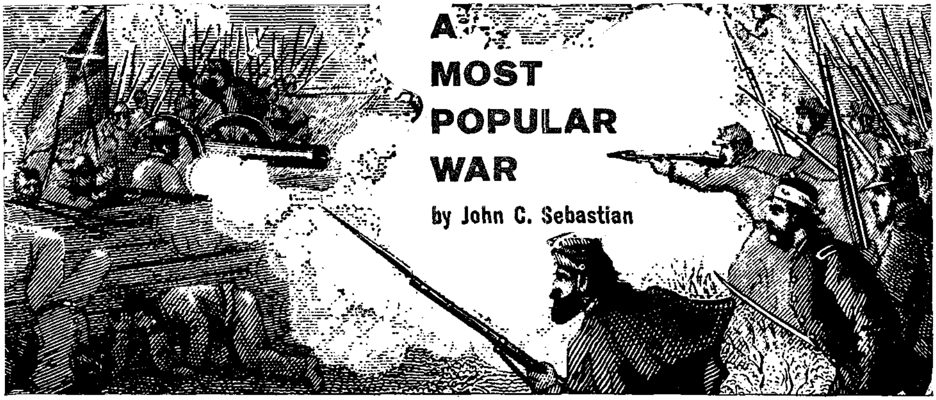

A MOST POPULAR WAR

by John C. Sebastian

THE CIVIL WAR, biggest family squabble in history, is currently enjoying an astonishing revival. Long a favorite with scholars and military tacticians, it is now increasingly demanding the attention of garden variety citizens.

One doesn't have to rely on "Gone With The Wind" (more than 5,000,000 copies sold) to prove the War's ability to sell books. The Library of Congress has more than 8,500 Civil War titles on its list—exclusive of the great number of Lincoln books.

The popularity of the Civil War (or War Between the States) was originally strongest in the South. The battles were fought there and the countryside is scarred with monuments to heroic deeds. Never have losers been so much celebrated. It seems, even today, that everyone in the South had a gran'daddy or a great-gran'daddy who fought with "Marse Robert" E. Lee's brilliant troops, or else they live in a house which served as a lookout post for some of Jeb Stuart's boys.

But the War's booming popularity today is not restricted to the South, and the man who simply claims a fightin' gran'daddy is being replaced by the knowledgeable reader who can tell you how Lee could have won at Gettysburg. In fact, any fairly intelligent Civil War fan of today probably knows more about the disposition and strategy of the Confederate forces at a given moment than Gen. Ulysses S. Grant knew at any time during the War.

In the motion picture field, *The Birth of a Nation,* based on the Civil War, has probably grossed $50,000,000. MGM recently released a multi-million dollar production of *Raintree County*—also a best-selling book—and Columbia Pictures is soon to follow with *Andersonville.* Gregory Peck's organization just announced that he would star in a picture based on Col. John Singleton Mosby, a Confederate ranger leader who operated in Virginia.

Many of the most successful westerns (or oat-burners) were based on problems arising from the Civil War, and many of the heroes, such as Jesse and Frank James, developed their

Brigades of enthusiastic armchair strategists keep re-fighting the Civil War and enlisting new recruits

inclinations for and techniques of gunslinging then.

The omission of the subject in television's earlier years was due to the fact that advertisers, always wary of a sensitive public which can strike hard with those much-feared letters of criticism, were reluctant to tie million-dollar ad budgets to a supposedly controversial issue.

Then CBS, believing the controversy to be a myth, decided to make the test—much as Grant might have sent out a platoon of skirmishers to see how much fire it would draw. The company produced 39 episodes of *The Gray Ghost*—based on the adventures of the same Col. John Singleton Mosby who fascinates Gregory Peck—and it has been extremely successful. It is being seen in well over 125 cities and the ratings—television's audience yardstick—show it has equally strong appeal in Boston and Atlanta, Washington and Los Angeles.

Now that the opening shot has been sounded, it is expected that a whole horde of Confederate and Union heroes will soon be forming their ranks in the electronic battleground. Names like Shiloh, Antietam and Manassas will be as familiar to a prairie-dust-covered public as Tombstone, Dodge City and Fort Worth.

The record companies, while not currently writing any new Civil War songs, find that there is still plenty of life in some of the old melodies. Columbia Records issued a highly successful album entitled simply "The Confederacy," which included ten songs favored by the South during the tumultuous 1860s, and recently put out a companion album, "The Union." A new popular recording of the Southern tune "The Yellow Rose of Texas" became No. 1 on the best-seller list.

Why are Americans so interested in The Great Rebellion?

"Because," says Goddard Lieberson, president of Columbia Records and himself an ardent Civil War enthusiast, "it is the last of the romantic Napoleonic Wars and, at the same time, the first of the modern ones. The poignant tragedy of brothers fighting brothers is compelling. And the basic cause of the War—as well as its music, if you will—reverberates to this day."

Virgil Carrington Jones, an eminent authority on the War, wonders why it continues to gain new adherents ". . . when about us is developing the new-born age of the atomic bomb, ballistic missile and outer space programs, the most important era perhaps since some paleolithic giant found that a certain stone struck with particular force would create fire."

Jones speaks of the past two generations, the first of which gained its interest from talking to the few remaining Civil War veterans. "Out of it all grew a sport, around the fireside and the corner grocery—a contest, simple and exciting, to see who could talk longest on why a particular fight was fought. The pastime became a race, a test, a challenge, and young men were cited by friends for their inexhaustible knowledge of the subject and their ability to rise to the defense of an issue, Yankee or Rebel, to stand up vehemently in a passionate, partisan argument. . . ."

But what of the new crop of fans? The young people who never had the opportunity or occasion to speak with the veterans of the War? Jones says: "Then times gradually changed. Over the years of a generation, the veterans disappeared, leaving their children and their children's children to talk over a war now substantiated almost solely by the printed word and by pine-needled and leaf-lined earthworks.

"And suddenly the passion fell out of the argument, and members of that growing fraternity with a mutual interest came to realize, no matter whether their allegiance lay north or south of the Potomac, that they were working for a single purpose to find the true story of what happened between 1861 and 1865."

Further evidence of the growing band of Civil War devotees lies in a federation of discussion groups called the Civil War Round Tables. Beginning with the first Round Table in 1940, the list has swollen to 61 in this country.

These groups gather to hear Civil War specialists speak, and then the meetings are given over to discussion of the evening's topic. The War is rich in subject matter. It was the first modern war on a large scale. It was in the Civil War that cavalry tactics were developed—Lt. Gen. James M. Gavin, former Chief of Army Research and Development, now speaks of an air cavalry using modern air transport to duplicate the basic patterns of flanking and quick strikes previously carried out on horseback. Balloons were first used for observation in the Civil War; and the repeating rifle was introduced to increase the firepower of the individual infantryman.

When Virgil Carrington Jones speaks before a group, his subject is the Confederate guerrilla warfare, a controversial topic. Many historians feel the guerrillas were little more than freebooters, but Jones believes they were soldiers of the finest caliber. Admittedly, their activities were the basis of militarily important guerrilla warfare as practiced in World War II and the Korean War.

There are always several different, but well-qualified opinions on any Civil War matter. Grant was a master general—Grant was a butcher. Gen. Ambrose E. Burnside was a victim of outrageous misfortune—Burnside was a fool. Sherman's march through Georgia was a wanton crusade of despoilage—Sherman's march through Georgia was a brilliant tactical maneuver.

The arguments are heated and both sides speak from great knowledge of the War. No sides are taken, however, except in questions of tactical judgment. Round Tables are interested in the War itself, the battles, the leaders and the men. They have long since decided the question of "Who was right?" will remain unanswerable.

Professor Joseph E. Holliday, an assistant dean at the University of Cincinnati, finds his reasons for the growing interest in the War in the recent revival of the question of States Rights, and the rights of minorities. Also, he points out that there is a revival of interest in military history because so many men have had or are facing military service.

Dr. Holliday also suggests the matter of Russia's tremendous advance as a world power. For the first time in many years, the people of the U. S. see not only a challenge from abroad but a threat. This tends to intensify our feeling of patriotism and nationalism.

To meet this onrushing opponent we are, of course, primarily interested in increasing our military and scientific bulwarks. At the same time, we want moral strength. In other words, we want even more reason for feeling that it is "right" that the U. S. should be the No. 1 power in the world.

To get this feeling of "rightness" we go on a hero hunt. And there is no place where more heroes can be found — on both sides — than the Civil War.

In September of last year, Congress passed Public Law 85-305 ". . . to establish a commission to commemorate the one hundredth anniversary of the Civil War."

Present plans call for inaugurating this Centennial observance in 1961 by restaging the attack on Fort Sumter. Also in the planning stage are re-enactments of the Battles of Antietam and South Mountain.

Virginia's Representative and ex-Governor, William M. Tuck, who lives near Appomattox Court House, where the War ended, nominated Retired Maj. Gen. Ulysses S. Grant, III—a grandson of the victorious Union general—to be head of the Civil War Centennial Commission.

"We still recall," said Tuck, "the drubbing we took at the hands of the General's grandfather. But wounds of that drubbing have long since healed and our people look kindly on the General's grandfather for his magnanimity and statesmanship."

At that the 25-member Commission elected Grant chairman and Tuck vice-chairman, both by unanimous vote. With personal animosities thus buried, the centennial observance of the Civil War is certain to be one of the greatest pageants in American history. ♛ ♛ ♛

Love Letters

get there faster if you put the postal delivery zone number on the envelope

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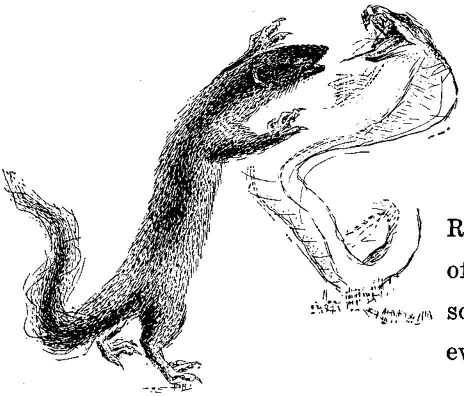


Reputedly the ruthless enemy of venomous snakes, he is sometimes only a quack hero — even when his honor is at stake

MR. MONGOOSE: *soft-boiled terror*

by Col. Robert Bruce White

RUDYARD KIPLING'S charming "Rikki-Tikki-Tavi" notwithstanding, it's time certain false beliefs about the mongoose were set straight. For as an unvarnished hero, he was miscast.

Undoubtedly, the mongoose will, on occasion, kill snakes. Undoubtedly, he is a courageous little scrapper, renowned for his dexterity in combat. But he may also be a destructive nuisance, accomplishing more harm than good.

Mongooses (the awkward but correct plural) are long-bodied weasel-like animals with lengthy bushy tails. In Asia and Africa, where they are one of the most common of all carnivores, no less than 20 species abound, both large and small.

Herpestes edwardsii is the one we are concerned with. In size he is much like a gray house cat, and weighs about three pounds.

Travelers in Ceylon and India often witness the pathetic mock combats between cobras and mongooses staged by snake-charmers on hotel verandas; but few tourists ever witness a fight to the death between the two creatures.

Maj. Littleton-Smyth, R.A.F., used to stage such duels in Madras Cantonment; and one I well remember. Into a wire cage about three feet high and eight feet square he dropped a hungry mongoose. A black cobra about six feet long followed shortly afterward.

Raising vertically the forward third of its body like an embellished Indian candlestick, the snake opened its bespectacled hood, and stood balancing itself to and fro as a flower stalk balances itself in the breeze. Rikki, meanwhile, wandered round and round the steel enclosure vainly seeking an opportunity to escape. Twice, as he brushed passed the snake's corner, the cobra struck savagely forward and downward at him. But, other than nimbly jumping out of range with uncannily accurate judgment, he disdainfully ignored the menace.

For fully 12 minutes, this curious but dull exhibition carried on, and the betting odds, originally 8 to 1 in favor of Rikki, dropped to even money, with no takers.

As though convinced at last that escape was impossible, Rikki sat back on his tail, head cocked, one brown forepaw lifted, appraising the situation glumly. Perhaps he realized that he was hungry, and there before him, however menacing, was a sumptuous repast.

Cautiously, if not eagerly, he began stalking his prey. The cobra moved into the center of the cage, its hooded head swaying to and fro, its evil eyes never for an instant leaving its foe.

Rikki advanced with a curious rock 'n' roll gait which, however awkward looking, enabled him to fly off instantly at any angle he chose. Insolently, he sniffed the snake's tail, moved along the coiled body, closer and closer to its throat.

The cobra struck, and struck again, hitting the concrete floor with a whack. Each time, the cocky little animal jumped sidewise, left or right or directly upward, avoiding contact by the merest fraction of an inch. Like a clever boxer he was wearing down his opponent.

Then, chattering obscenely, he attacked just above the snake's tail, jerking it downward and backward, fully extended on the concrete.

The cobra recoiled like a watchspring, and Rikki barely escaped the return strike of the infuriated snake. He crouched and leaped again for the whisking tail.

On the third attempt, he succeeded. Throwing the cobra completely off balance, he shifted his hold to its throat. The snake, fighting for its life, rolled and twisted, banging Rikki against the cage and floor. But he held on.

At last the snake relaxed and Rikki jumped lamely to one side. Though nearly exhausted, he circled the cage twice, licking his bloody chops and chattering hysterically. Then he returned to the cobra and began chewing its head.

The 8 to 1 betting odds represent the average chance a hungry mongoose has to kill a cobra three times his size in a fight staged like ours. Fights staged in the open require two very hungry mongooses to guarantee a scrap before the snake escapes.

While in Madras, I was a guest in a luxurious bungalow where, like thousands of other Indian homes, a mongoose was the family's pet and pride. I heard with interest my host's story that nary a rat or snake had been seen on the premises since the little animal, uninvited, adopted the family several months earlier. In fact, they hadn't worried at all since then about snakes in the garden where their children played most of the day.

Not long after my visit, however, a professional Indian snake-catcher called at the bungalow and before their unbelieving eyes extracted from the garden no less than a dozen snakes—cobras, kraits, Russell's vipers—deadly, all of them.

The facts are that when a hungry

mongoose encounters small or sluggish snakes he can readily overpower, he will lose few opportunities for feasting. But if the snake is large and dangerous he will rarely attack. Why should he, when so much easier game—rats and mice, scorpions and other insects, lizards, birds and their eggs, and especially poultry — is readily available?

In the Americas some viper snakes strike much faster than the Asiatic cobras, and are better equipped, fang-wise, to defend themselves. Fights staged in the West Indies between vipers and mongooses usually end in a draw, and more often than not the viper is victorious. In a Hollywood production staged to further the legend of Rikki-Tikki-Tavi wherein a diamond-back rattler fought a mongoose, two obviously different Rikki-Tikkis took part before one finally emerged triumphant.

Another misconception of the mongoose is that when bitten by a venomous snake he hot-foots it into the bush to dine on some mysterious herb that cures him. Nor is there much truth in the belief that Rikki is immune to snake bite. Various degrees of immunity have been reported, possibly acquired by eating the snake's head and poison glands.

During the 1870s the sugar-cane planters of Jamaica were in despair. Their island had become a rat's paradise. So a few pairs of mongooses were imported from India.

But as the rat population diminished, the little hunters multiplied—by the thousands. They pursued game birds and all other ground-nesting birds to near extinction. In less than 20 years the mongoose became as great a menace as the rat.

In an article written by Dr. James A. Oliver, curator of reptiles at the New York Zoological Society, it was reported that the stomach contents of 180 mongooses caught in Trinidad yielded remains of 28 rats, several dozen lizards, frogs and crabs, several hundred spiders and other insects. But there were only 18 snakes, all of them harmless.

I certainly have no thought of blaming Mr. Kipling for Rikki-Tikki's misbehavior. All I suggest is that we regard this brave-hearted, energetic little hero in the light of truth, that we realize his life is by no means devoted to the service of man in snake and reptile extermination as legend would have us believe.

Sales Psychology

THE FURNITURE STORE MANAGER WAS worried. His competitor drew crowds to his windows by employing a vivacious brunette to sit on one of his easy chairs, manicuring her nails and at the same time smiling at the crowd outside.

After considerable thought the worried manager hit upon an idea. The following day a ravishing blonde was seated on a rocking chair in his window—but with her back to the street.

In a matter of minutes there was a milling crowd inside the store—some of them looking at furniture, too! —THE SENG BOOK

HUMAN COMEDY

A SCOTSMAN had just applied for admittance to the New York police force. After passing the physical test he was given one in general knowledge.

"Now then," said the inspector, glowering, "how would you act in dispersing a very large and argumentative crowd?"

"Weel," replied the Scotsman, scratching his head and looking puzzled, "I'm no too sure how ye do it here in New York, but doon in Aberdeen we just pass the hat round and they soon begin to shuffle off."

—RUTH GARLAND

"IF YOU BREAK off the big half you get your wish," Barbie said as she shared a wishbone for the first time with three-year-old Charlie.

Her little brother was jubilant as he broke away the major portion. Against all rules, Barbie asked, "What was your wish?" He answered triumphantly, "I wished for the big half." —ROBIN BENNETT

"THIS HOUSE HAS both advantages and disadvantages," said the real estate salesman. "And to show you what an honest man I am, I'll tell you about the disadvantages. In the first place, the stockyards are half a mile to the west. North is a rubber factory. Two blocks east there's a hide and tallow renderer. And not very far south is the vinegar works."

"What are the advantages?" gulped the prospective purchaser.

"You can always tell which way the wind is blowing." —NYRA DAUGHERTY

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, SR., was reared with strict discipline. Upon one occasion, while being whipped, he succeeded in convincing his mother that he was not guilty of the offense.

"Very well, son," she said, "but we have gone so far that we may as well proceed. It will be credited to your account for next time."

—ROBERT MESSING

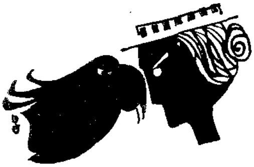
A BUSINESSMAN HANDED a dollar bill to his youthful visitor, and in return got a card from a local boys' club, marked "Associate Member."

"Now that I'm a member," he asked, "exactly what are my rights and privileges?"

The boy thought it over, and grinned, "I guess it gives you the right to contribute again next year."

—*Courier Journal*

Do you remember any funny original stories in the world of Human Comedy? Send them to: "Human Comedy," Coronet, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y. Payment on publication . . . No contributions can be acknowledged or returned.



Frankly speaking

MY GRANDMOTHER MAY BE 86 and on the slim side, but she is not one to take guff from anybody. Purchasing a dress for the wedding of one of her 15 grandchildren, she surveyed herself in the shop mirror and gestured doubtfully to her bosom.

"The dress is too full across here," she commented.

"Oh, no," returned the clerk hastily. "You can stand a little fullness. After all, you haven't got as much there as some of the rest of us."

Grandma's eyes snapped defensively.

"That's all right," she retorted. "I had it when I needed it."

—RUDY L. NELSON

A MISSIONARY WHO HAD GIVEN a very earnest address was touched to find a small boy waiting for him after the meeting. "Well, my son," he said, "I think I can guess what you want. You would like to be a missionary when you grow up."

"Oh, no, sir," answered the boy. "I just wondered if you had any foreign stamps you could give me."

—A. E. DOWNEY

A LITTLE OLD LADY browsing around one of the better pet shops was asked by the clerk:

"Are you looking for anything in particular?"

"Yes," was the eager reply. "A parrot."

"Well, here's a real buy," said the salesman. "Only $300 and he recites poetry, sings 'The Star Spangled Banner' and counts to 100. He also does a fine tap dance."

"Oh, never mind the details," snapped the old lady. "Is he tender?"

—FRANK FORDE

HILDA HAD JUST GIVEN notice she was going to be married. The lady of the house, flustered because she'd not been told before, asked: "Couldn't you postpone your wedding until I got another maid?"

"Well," Hilda hesitated, "I don't know him well enough to ask him to put it off."

—*Capper's Weekly*

LATE ONE NIGHT, a taxi pulled up and a Scotsman got out and began fumbling in his pockets. Finally he handed the driver a coin.

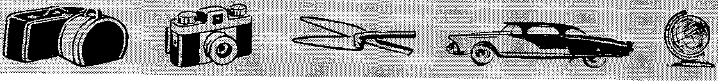
"I've known folks to give a bit over," grumbled the driver.

"Ay," replied the Scotsman, "that's the reason I asked ye tae stop under this lamp."

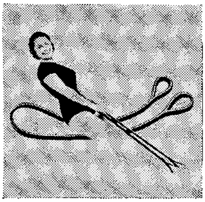
—LINDA ANDERSON

Coronet Family Shopper

Coronet invites its readers to browse and shop, at leisure and in comfort, among the many products, services, educational and sales opportunities, offered in this special section. Your complete satisfaction is the goal of both Coronet and the advertisers represented here each month.



IMPROVE YOUR FIGURE, $1.98



Stretch your way to a trimmer You with new, sturdy rubber Stretch-a-Way. Make any room your private gym. Compl. with chart showing safe method of toning muscles. Improve tummy, thighs, hip & bust measurements. Keep fit, trim. Stores in any drawer. Guar. or money back! $1.98, pstg. pd. Order from Sunset House, 2482 Sunset Bldg., Los Angeles 16, Cal.

HIDDEN BEAUTY FOR YOUR EYES

brought out with Lady Blue Lash-Aide. Hollywood beauties use to stimulate roots of brows, lashes, encourage perm. upward curl, add silky sheen, give finishing touch to grooming. Beneficial & slightly darkens light or skimpy brows & lashes. Softens, protects mascara. Send $2.00 + 20¢ tax, no COD to Lady Blue Cosmetic Co., 4400 Ambrose Ave., Box 2309, Hollywood 28, Calif.

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GENUINE HERALDRY IS FLATTERING

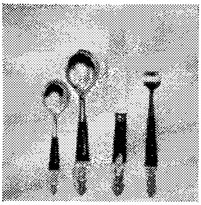
Many families from Britain and Europe were once identified by their own Coat of Arms, still recorded in England. Immaculate oak 12″ wall shields individually emblazoned in true colour & relief cost only $15.00 ppd. Checks returned with brochure by Airmail if Arms un-traceable. Print surnames. Allow two months. Hunter & Smallpage (1875). York, England.

SAVE $1.20 REG. $5.95 SPECIAL $4.75

Capitol's L.P. of "The Music Man." Original Broadway Cast, with Robert Preston, Barbara Cook et al. singing all 19 songs from Meredith Willson's smash musical hit. Typical of House Of Records' cut-price classical & pop. val. Check or M.O. $4.75 "The Music Man" album, Free Cut-Price Catalog. House Of Records, P.O. Box 2891, Sarasota, Florida.

ORIGINAL BROADWAY CAST
THE MUSIC MAN
ROBERT PRESTON

SIAMESE BRONZWARE



From Siam... exciting tableware of mirror-finished bronze with handles of polished buffalo horn—the look & feel of black ivory! On the handle-tip, a carved Thai god. Four-piece setting you'll use daily or save for best: knife, fork, teaspoon, soup spoon, only $3.99 postage collect from the Akron, 4371 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles 29, Calif. Money-back guarantee.

MORE DAZZLING THAN DIAMONDS

Diamonds cost at least $1000 for 1-carat, yet comparable selected 1-carat Capra Gem is only $27, tax incl. — 1/30 of diamond cost! Brilliantly beau. hand-cut & polished, amaz. Capra Gems acclaimed miracle of modern science. Priced within reach of all. Write for bklt. of easy-pay details. Send no money. Capra Gem Co., Dept. CT-78, P. O. 5145, Phila. 41.

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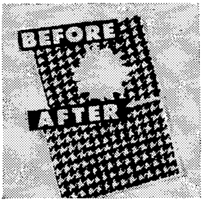
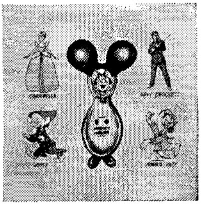


Invisible Reweaving pays up to $10.00 in an hour! Be the invisible reweaver in your community. Make cuts, burns, moth holes, tears in suits, coats, all fabrics—disappear! Do it at home in spare time. Steady demand from tailors, cleaners, stores, etc. Write for full details sent Free! Fabricon, Dept. 397, 6238 Broadway, Chicago 40, Illinois.

10 MICKEY MOUSE LATEXTOYS

Up to 2 Feet Tall, only $1.00 plus 25¢ postage for all—you get Donald Duck, Cinderella, Pinocchio, Jiminy Cricket, Dopey, Dumbo, Davy Crockett, Alice, and Mickey. Toss 'em up and they land on their feet. Money back guarantee. No COD's. Mother Hubbard, Department B63, 114 East 32nd Street, New York 16, New York.



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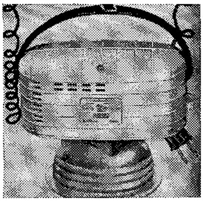

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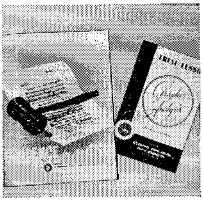
Body massager used in privacy of home, firms flabby tissues! Reduces unwanted bulges. For aches & pains due to overexercise. Gives you a more youthful, graceful figure. Marvelous stimulant for poor circulation. U. L. approved. Standard model $9.98. Amazing Deluxe model $12.98 ppd. Body Massager Co., Dept. B-16, 403 Market St., Newark, N. J.

EASY WAY TO FILE CHECKS—$1

Check-Safe holds 800 cancelled checks, a 5-yr. record. Safe, clean—always in place for easy reference. Helps budget. Keep a check on personal spending habits. Green Ripplette covered box, gold stamped. 7¼" x 5" x 3¼". Tab index dividers incl. Guar, or money back! Only $1 postage paid. Order Check-Safe Sunset House, 2480 Sunset Bldg., Los Angeles 16, Cal.



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Analyze handwriting for more income, prestige, success! Earn money on radio, TV, talks, helping others. Eunice Smith, Ohio, reports $224 business result one talk. Ezell Eiland, Texas, $20.00 an hour! Exciting, uncrowded field! Write for free 48-page book. Trial lesson. I.G.A.S., Inc., Desk FS, 2307 National Station, Springfield, Missouri.

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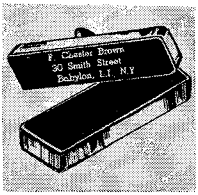
SPAIRE TIRE IN A CAN

Spaire, amazing tire inflator, every car needs it. End dirty, annoying tire changing, inflates tire in just 90 seconds. Connect valve and presto, job is done. Also puts out fires. Won Mechanix Illustrated "Bright Idea" Award. At automotive, department & sport goods stores or send $2.50 to Spaire, Liquid Glaze Inc., Lansing, Michigan. Prepaid.



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Personalize all your stationery, envelopes, bills, checks, receipts, books, music—even clothing! Your name and address stamp, inking pad, in smart, unbreakable brown plastic 2½" case. Fits in purse or pocket. For home, office, school, gifts! Prevents loss, errors! Up to 4 lines of type. $2.00 ppd. St. Regis Workshop, Dept. C-7, Box 22, Babylon, N. Y.

Silver Linings

MY FIRST SICK CALL as a very young minister was to the home of a woman whom I had been told was completely paralyzed. While I knew I could find appropriate Scriptures to suit the occasion, I wondered what words of my own I could say that would spiritually help this woman.

I had barely raised my knuckles to knock on the door, when her daughter saw me and invited me in.

"This is Mother, Reverend Elswick," she said as she ushered me into an immaculate room. There lay a silver-haired old lady dressed in a spotlessly clean blue gown that peeked over an equally spotless spread. Her lips were lightly

SAVE COSTLY PLUMBING BILLS

Free Booklet offered on How to clean clogged-up Sinks, House-to-Street Sewers, Toilets, Urinals up to 200 ft. Easy to trigger, new Plumbers Flush Gun uses Water Impact to melt away Roots, Grease, Rags. Amazingly effective. Write now, or Phone Kildare 5-1702, Free Details, Miller Sewer Tools, Dept. CR-Y, 4642 N. Central Ave., Chicago 30, Illinois.

touched with lipstick and she wore a blue bow in her beautifully groomed hair.

For the next hour she entertained me with stories, jokes and good advice. She could talk and move her eyes, that was all, but the room was filled with radiance and kindness. As I prepared to go, I started to ask her if she would like a reading from the Scriptures when she said, "May I give the prayer this time, Reverend?"

And this beautiful woman, who could not so much as raise a finger and who had not once during my stay mentioned her illness, prayed for others and particularly for me, "A young pastor, who would need spiritual comfort."

—REVEREND CHARLES R. ELSWICK

I SAT IN COURT one morning as a character witness for a young friend and neighbor. She had quarreled with her husband, and was convinced that the only solution was a divorce. The couple was in court now to decide custody of their six-year-old daughter.

Since the character of both parents was above reproach, the judge finally took the little girl to his chambers, hoping to learn which parent she chose to go with. When he returned, he was alone.

PLASTIC LAMINATING KIT $1.00

New instant-laminating plastic sheets. Snapshots, color photos, ID's, cards, papers, etc., won't crack, tear, discolor. Set in clear Plain-Vu. Lasting lamination, no mach., heat, glue! Saves to 75%. Order Now. Jr. Kit—10 sheets (3"x4") $1.00 p.p. Jumbo Kit—ten 3"x4" six 6"x8" & two 10"x12" sheets $4.50 p.p. Trans America Gift Guild, Dept. C, Seaford, L. I., N. Y.

AFTER BREAST SURGERY . . .

restore natural appearance, regain zest for life with lifelike Identical Breast Form. Fits any well-fitting bra, bathing suit. Follows body motions, never rides up. Doctors recommend it for scientific balance. Thousands use it with confidence, comfort. Write for free lit., authorized dealers: Identical Form, Inc., Dept. C, 17 W. 60th St., New York 23, N. Y.

SAVE ON ROYAL JELLY, 50 MG. POTENCY!

ROYAL JELLY THE NECTAR OF THE QUEEN BEE

Not $20, Not $15, but sale-priced, $9 per 100! In response to terrific demand, Royal Jelly is now available at down-to-earth prices! Each high-potency capsule contains 50 milligrams, at ½ the price you pay for capsules of even lower potency. 100 caps, $9; 250 caps. $20.50, postpaid. Money back guar. Vitamin-Quota, Dept. T-365, 880 Broadway, N. Y. 3, N. Y.

NEW! HYGIENIC DENTURE BATH

Den-Shur-Cup to meet your denture care needs at last! Safe, appropriate container is unbreakable opaque plastic. Spill-proof sealed lid, slip-proof finger grips. Endorsed by dentists—over 140,000 in use for dentures, plates, bridgework. Specify white, pink, blue, green. $1.00 ppd. Cash, ck., or m.o. from Den-Shur-Cup Co., 3092F Steinway St., Long Island City, N.Y.

$50—$250 EXTRA MONEY FOR YOU!

Introductory Offer brings you 21 Slim Christmas cards for only 25¢—worth $1.25. Show them & other new style cards to friends, take easy orders. Profits to $1.00 per box. Send 25¢ today, *also receive other Feature* assortments on approval, Free Album of Personal Christmas Cards & Stationery, Selling Guide. New England Art Publishers, North Abington 733, Mass.

LIVE LONGER, BETTER IN FLORIDA

At Highlands Park Estates on Highlands Lake (Lake Istokpoga) near Sebring. Spacious ¼ acre homesites only $10 down, $10 monthly; full price $595. Write for Free brochures & details. Get full info. on how we can help you plan, build, and finance your Low Cost, Tax-Exempt home. Florida Realty Bureau, Inc., Dept. YC7, 520 N.E. 79th St., Miami 38, Florida.

(Continued on next page)

$1 FOR 1000 PRINTED NAME

and address sparkling labels, nicely printed with a lovely Plastic box for just $1 postpaid! Worth much more! 5 orders or more at 75¢ per order! Money Back Guarantee. 300 Name & Address Labels 50¢. Same fine printed quality but No Plastic Box. Free Fund Raising Plan! Tower Press, Inc., Box 591-OA, Lynn, Massachusetts.

VIBRATOR PILLOW—$4.99—75% OFF

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Silver Linings continued

From the bench he eyed the parents sternly, and then he asked if they had told the little girl that she came from Heaven. The surprised parents nodded, and the judge said bleakly, "I rather thought so. She says she can't leave either one of you, so she asked me to send her back to God."

I wasn't too surprised to see the young couple turn to each other, then make hand in hand for the judge's chambers and their little girl.

The judge's face broke into a smile, and I knew he wasn't too surprised either. "Sometimes," he said, "you have to put words into the mouths of babes to get a little sense in the heads of their parents."

—THELMA WELTY

ON A RECENT TRIP south by bus I had been en route three days and nights without a stopover and was bone-weary. As I entered a bus I found one seat available, beside a young man whose black leather jacket and boots told me he was more at home on a motorcycle. I asked if the seat beside him was taken.

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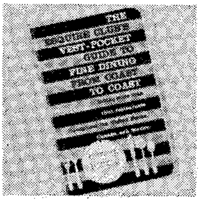

He sighed just a little and put his legs down to make room for me. That told me he'd been riding long enough to want a seat all to himself so he could perhaps sleep during that night.

As I slipped into the seat I said, "I know how you feel. I hate being crowded too, but I'm awfully tired. I'll try not to bother you." Then I settled down.

Later in the night as I wrapped my fur coat around me and sat with my eyes closed, I hoped he could sleep sitting up. My coat slipped from my shoulder, but I thought perhaps if I moved, it might disturb my seatmate, so I left the coat where it was and kept my eyes closed.

Then, as softly as a butterfly, my seatmate pulled my coat over my shoulder and tucked it in. I murmured sleepily so he wouldn't know I was wide awake. He'd have been embarrassed, but it warmed my heart. He was about 20 and my hair is white.

—MRS. ASTRID SWANSON

IN 1946, I WAS making my first ocean voyage alone. My young son was just a year old, and we were traveling to join my husband in the Hawaiian Islands.

The baby was bursting with health and enthusiasm, which meant daily

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(Continued on next page)

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outings on the sun deck. And, of course, attendance at each and every meal. I, on the other hand, was seasick from the minute the ship left the dock until we arrived in Honolulu. Sunshine was a torment and mealtime a thing to be ignored, if at all possible.

When a kind, gentle woman offered to "baby-sit" for me I accepted with gratitude. For three days she took complete charge of my son.

Coming into the harbor at Honolulu, I sought her out and tried to thank her for all she had done. I wanted to repay her kindness in some way. I thought her comment to me very strange, for she had given up most of her trip to taking care of a sick mother and an active child.

She said, "Taking care of a strong, healthy baby is a pleasure I am too often denied. That is my payment."

We were separated in the excitement of debarking from the ship, when I realized I didn't even know her name. But I saw it later in the newspaper along with her picture. I will never forget the kindness of this true gentle woman. She was Sister Elizabeth Kenny.

—JOYCE M. ATNIP

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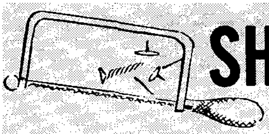

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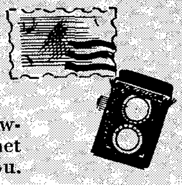

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(*Continued on next page*)

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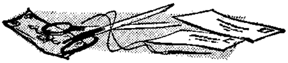

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EARN money at home. We teach you invisible mending & reweaving at home in spare time. New improved, step-by-step course, equip. supplied. Licensed approved school. Free details. Eastern School of Reweaving, Dept. C-78, 73 Main St., Hempstead, N. Y.

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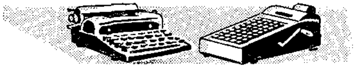

WANT a new, fascinating, profitable life? Sell unusual imports from "Around the world" to family, friends, stores! Catalog-Free import. Send $1.00 for postage, handling. Immediate delivery. Loverta's Imports (b) 533 Bowers Avenue, Runnemede, N. J.

A & W Franchises available U.S.A. and Canada for popular A & W Root Beer. Want your own business? Make money—have time to enjoy it. Financing available on credit approval. Write A & W Root Beer Co., Box 1039 CFS, Santa Monica, California.

EARN Extra Money selling Advertising Book Matches. Every business a prospect. Start without experience; men, women, Free sample kit furnished. Match Corp. of America, Dept. GM-31, Chicago 32, Illinois.

WILL you wear new suits and topcoats without one penny cost and agree to show them to friends? You can make up to $30.00 in a day even in spare time, without canvassing. Pioneer Tailoring Co., Congress & Throop Sts., Dept. B-1234, Chicago 7, Illinois.

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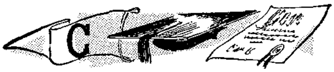
Coronet lists the following schools and colleges for those readers interested in verified educational opportunities.

BOYS' PREPARATORY SCHOOLS

FORK UNION Military Academy—Our one subject plan in Upper School (grades 9-12) increased honor roll 50%. Accredited. ROTC highest rating. 2 gyms, pools. Sep. Jr. School, grades 4-8. 60th year. Catalog. Dr. J. C. Wicker, Box 997, Fork Union, Va.



KEMPER Military School—Rounded educational, military, recreational program. Accredited. Small classes. 8th grade, H.S. and Jr. College. Approved ROTC. All sports, indoor pool; flying. 114th year. Dir. of Adm., 1578 Third St., Boonville, Missouri.

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GET Into Electronics as technician, field engr., specialist in communications, missiles, computers, radar, automation. Basic, advanced courses. Assoc. deg. in 29 mos. B.S. obtainable. Start Sept. Valparaiso Technical Institute, Dept. B, Valparaiso, Ind.

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ENGLISH Course for Adults—With my new self-correcting method you can stop making mistakes— speak & write effectively. 15 minutes a day at home. Free 32 p. booklet. D. O. Bolander, Career Institute, Dept. 297, 30 East Adams St., Chicago 4, Illinois.

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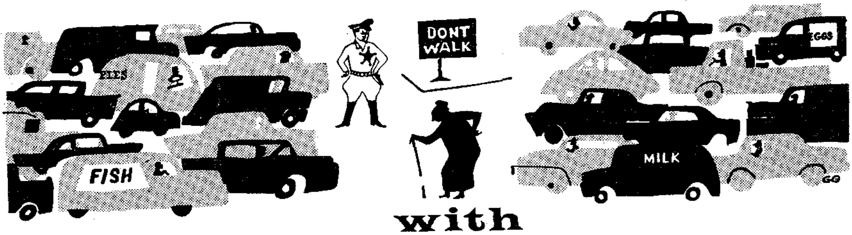

with the ladies

CINCINNATI HAS INSTALLED some king-sized "Walk" and "Don't Walk" signs at intersections where pedestrian traffic is heavy. Traffic screeched to a halt at one intersection the other day as a little old lady blithely crossed against the light. A grim-faced policeman was waiting on the opposite curb.

"Lady," he said, "do you realize you walked against the sign?"

"What sign?" she asked.

"That big orange 'Don't Walk' sign."

"Oh, that," she said. "I thought that was put up by the bus company."

—OLLIE JAMES *(Cincinnati Enquirer)*

POLICEMEN HAVE ALWAYS had their troubles, of course, but not always as weird as the one that plagued a Baltimore policeman who, upon answering a call, was greeted at the door by a barefoot, hysterical woman shouting, "It's horrible . . . it's horrible . . . oh, it's too horrible."

Revolver ready, he dashed into the house and found—goldfish lying on the kitchen floor. —*Baltimore Evening Sun*

A LADY ADVERTISED for a gardener and two men applied for the job, both professing the necessary qualifications. While she was interviewing them, she noticed that her mother was making signs for her to choose the more shabby looking one. When the women were alone again the daughter said: "Why did you signal me to choose the one who looked so shabby? The other man was neatly dressed and had a much better face."

"Face!" exclaimed the mother. "My dear, when you pick a man to work in the garden you should judge him by his trousers. If they're patched on the knees, you want him; if they're patched on the seat, you don't." —*Nuggets*

FOR MANY YEARS an excellent housekeeper has managed our household accounts, for which she has an allowance. With the increase in wages and prices, we felt we should give her a raise, even though she hadn't asked for it. When we told her our decision, she thanked us politely and returned to the kitchen. A few minutes later, she reappeared.

"We can't raise me this week, ma'am," she announced. "We don't have the money."

—MRS. MILLICENT ELLIS

"He Made Me Feel Like A Bride Again"

IT'S hard for me to believe that a few weeks ago I actually thought about leaving my husband! He had become so nervous and irritable — so cross with the children and me that there was just no living with him. He was always "too tired" to do anything — too run-down to have fun with his family. Even our children were puzzled and hurt by his week-in, week-out grumpiness. Frankly we bickered and fought so much I thought our marriage was over.

When Jim finally went to our family doctor, the examination proved there was nothing really wrong. The doctor said Jim's condition was merely caused by a very common but easily corrected *nutritional deficiency* in his diet. You can imagine how shocked *I* was to discover that even though Jim was well-fed, he was actually poorly *nourished* due to a lack of vitamins, minerals and lipotropic factors.

Just when things looked blackest, we learned about the famous Vitasafe Plan through an ad in our newspaper. It told how other people with Jim's condition had been helped by taking just one Vitasafe Capsule a day. Naturally, we sent for a trial month's supply. What a difference it has made! Vitasafe High-Potency Capsules have helped snap back Jim's youthful vigor and vim. I'm so happy, I feel *like a bride* again! Perhaps someone in *your* family feels tired and run-down because of a nutritional deficiency. Why don't you take advantage *right now* of this sensational trial offer as we did?

EACH DAILY VITASAFE CAPSULE FOR MEN CONTAINS

Choline Bitartrate	31.4 mg.	Niacin Amide	40 mg.
Inositol	15 mg.	Calcium Pantothenate	4 mg.
dl-Methionine	10 mg.	Vitamin E	2 I.U.
Glutamic Acid	50 mg.	Folic Acid	0.5 mg.
Lemon Bioflavonoid Complex	5 mg.	Calcium	75 mg.
Vitamin A	12,500 USP Units	Phosphorus	58 mg.
Vitamin D	1,000 USP Units	Iron	30 mg.
Vitamin C	75 mg.	Cobalt	0.04 mg.
Vitamin B_1	5 mg.	Copper	0.45 mg.
Vitamin B_2	2.5 mg.	Manganese	0.5 mg.
Vitamin B_6	0.5 mg.	Molybdenum	0.1 mg.
Vitamin B_{12}	2 mcg.	Iodine	0.075 mg.
		Potassium	2 mg.
		Zinc	0.5 mg.
		Magnesium	3 mg.

SPECIAL FORMULA FOR WOMEN ALSO AVAILABLE. CHECK POSTCARD IF DESIRED.

FREE 30 days supply High-Potency Capsules

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LIKE A CIGARETTE SHOULD!

"Bright, clean flavor...pure, snow-white filter...that's **WINSTON**"

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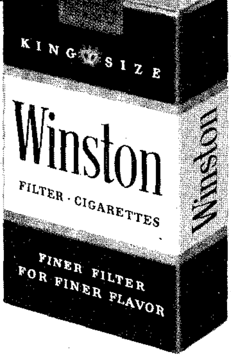
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